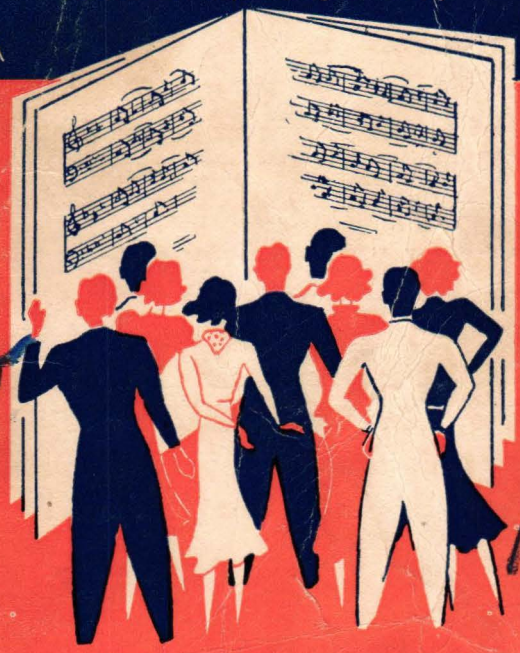
Feist presents

MERRILY WE SING

A COMMUNITY SONG BOOK

edited by Hugo Frey



Bob Jesen

Bob Jesen

FOR SCHOOLS • HOMES • CLUBS • FRATERNITIES
AND COMMUNITY SINGING

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1629 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

Foreword

•

Introducing ***"Merrily We Sing,"*** the publishers of this interesting volume feel that not only have they compiled and created a publication that will find a ready place in every music library, but it is also their belief that they have made a marked contribution to the musical gayety of the nation. Included in ***"Merrily We Sing"*** are twenty-nine copyrighted songs which have never previously appeared in any book of Community Songs and which include such perennial favorites as "DEAR OLD GIRL," "WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP," "M-O-T-H-E-R," "OVER THERE," "PEGGY O'NEIL," "I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY," "THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART," etc.

More than 175 songs are included in this amazing compilation. They are songs that have been enjoyed through the past several decades, and they were selected by authorities who knew what you and your grandparents would most enjoy.

It is with justifiable pride and more than ordinary pleasure that the publishers offer ***"Merrily We Sing"*** to those who consider the music of America something to cherish always.

The Publisher

Feist presents

MERRILY WE SING

A COMMUNITY SONG BOOK

edited by Hugo Frey

★

FOR SCHOOLS,
HOMES, CLUBS,
FRATERNITIES,
AND
COMMUNITY SINGING

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in the United States

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CONTENTS

Page

Abide With Me 87
A Capital Ship 128
Adeste Fideles 86
All God's Children 84
Aloha Oe 46
America 80
Animal Fair, The 138
Auld Lang Syne 106

Back In The Old Sunday School 23
Band Played On, The 51
Battle Cry Of Freedom, The 78
Battle Hymn Of The Republic 76
Beautiful Dreamer 119
Beautiful Heaven 55
Bell, The 129
Bicycle Built For Two 47
Billy Boy 97
Bingo 72
Blue Bell 32
Blue Danube 56
Bohunkus 71
Bowery, The 53
Bridge, The 122
Bring Back My Bonnie 106
Brothers 82
Bull-Dog On The Bank, The 69

Captain Jinks 127
Carry Me Back To Old Virginny 96
Chicken Reel 30
Cielito Lindo 55
Ciribiribee 58
Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean 75
Come Back To Erin 100
Come, Let's Sing A Merry Round 136
Come, Thou Almighty King 87
Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming 90
Comin' Thro' The Rye 92
Comrades 37
County Jail, The 137
Crow Song 73
Curse Of An Aching Heart, The 18
Curtains Of Night, The 131
Cut Yourself A Piece Of Cake 29

Daisy Bell 47
Dark Eyes 60
Darling Nellie Gray 108
Dear Evelina 48
Dear Old Girl 4
De Camptown Races 115
Deep River 83
Dixie Land 77
Down In A Coal Mine 49
Doxology, The 84

Early to Bed 70
Ever Of Thee 118

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton 117
For He's A Jolly Good Fellow 142
Funiculi - Funicula 104

Girl I Left Behind Me, The 52
Good-bye 125
Good-bye Broadway, Hello France 8
Good-bye, Liza Jane 40
Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye 138
Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip! 10
Good Night, Ladies 140

Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here 9
Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane 42

Page

Happy Are We Tonight 139
Heav'n, Heav'n 84
Here's To 45
Here's To The Maiden 136
Hinky, Dinky, Parlee Voo 46
Home On The Range 111
How Can I Leave Thee 105
How D'ye Do 141

I Ain't Got Weary Yet 12
I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen 102
I Wish I Was Single 66
I'm A Ding Dong Daddy 20
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry 19
In Old Madrid 120
In Style All The While 139
In The Old Town Hall 28
I'se Gwine Back To Dixie 94
I've Been Wukkin' On De Railroad 141

Ja-Da 33
Jingle Bells 65
John Brown's Body 135
John Peel 134
Joy To The World 86
Juanita 63
Just Tell Them That You Saw Me 48

K-K-K-Katy 7

La Cucaracha 144
Landlord, Fill The Flowing Bowl 68
Last Night 113
Last Rose Of Summer, The 116
Lead, Kindly Light 88
Little Annie Rooney 42
Little Brown Jug 36
Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore, The 44
Lonesome Road, The 116
Lord's Prayer, The 83
Lovely Evening 93
Low Backed Car, The 110
Lucy Long 52

Ma And Pa 25
Man On The Flying Trapeze 34
Mary 99
Massa's In De Cold Ground 64
Merry Widow Waltz 109
Merrily, Merrily 132
Midshipmite, The 126
More We Get Together, The 143
M-O-T-H-E-R (A Word That Means The World To Me) 5
My Blue Danube 56
My Sweetheart's The Man In The Moon 50

Nancy Lee 124
Nearer, My God, To Thee 89
Nellie Was A Lady 39
Noah's Ark 47
Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Had 82

O Come, All Ye Faithful 86
Oh! Dem Golden Slippers 95
O, Little Town Of Bethlehem 85
Oh Marie 56
Oh, My Darling Clementine 36
Oh! Susanna 114
Oh! What A Pal Was Whoozis 27
Old Gray Mare, The 41
Old MacDonald Had A Farm 140
Old Oaken Bucket, The 92

Page

Onward, Christian Soldiers 89
Out The Window He Must Go 123
Over The Summer Sea 130
Over There 6

Passing By 61
Peg O' My Heart 17
Peggy O'Neil 21
Polly-Wolly-Doodle 67
Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow 84

Quilting Party, The 107

Red River Valley 54
Reuben And Rachel 143
Rio Grande 132
Rock Of Ages 88
Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep 130
Rose Of No Man's Land, The 15
'Round Her Neck She Wears A Yeller Ribbon 13

Sailing 35
Sally In Our Alley 103
Santa Lucia 55
She Was Just A Sailor's Sweetheart 14
She'll Be Comin' 'Round The Mountain 43
Shoo-Fly, Don't Bother Me 40
Silent Night 85
Silver Threads Among The Gold 98
Soldier's Farewell, The 137
Star Spangled Banner, The 74
Sucking Cider Thru A Straw 39
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot 81

Take Me Back To Col-ler-rad-da Fer To Stay 24
Taps 115
Then You'll Remember Me 112
There Is Joy In Ev'ry Day 107
There's A Little Spark Of Love Still Burning 16
Today Is Monday 142
Turkey In The Straw 133
Twickenham Ferry 62

Upidee 70

Viennese Refrain 60
Vive l'Amour 71

Wait For The Wagon 101
We're Tenting Tonight 79
When Francis Dances With Me 26
When I Was A Boy From The Mountains 22
When Johnny Comes Marching Home 66
When Love Is Kind 59
When You And I Were Young, Maggie 93
When You Wore A Tulip 3
Where Do We Go From Here? 10
While Strolling Thru The Park One Day 38
Woodman, Spare That Tree 57

Yankee Doodle 80

When You Wore A Tulip

(And I Wore A Big Red Rose)

(Mixed Voices)

Words by
JACK MAHONEY

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato *(not too fast)*

When You Wore A Tul-ip, a sweet yel-low tul-ip, And I wore a big red rose, When you ca-ressed me, 'twas then Heav-en bless'd me, what a bless-ing, no one knows, [no one knows] [bum bum bum]

You made life cheer-ie, when you called me dear-ie, 'Twas down where the blue grass grows, Your lips were sweet-er than jul-ep, When [blue grass grows]

rall. *a tempo*

rall.

You Wore That Tul-ip And I Wore A Big Red Rose.

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Dear Old Girl

(Male Voices)

Words by
RICHARD HENRY BUCK

Music by
THEODORE MORSE

Andante moderato

Dear Old Girl, the rob - in sings a - bove you, Dear Old

Girl, it speaks of how I love you, The

blind - ing tears are fall - ing, As I think of my lost pearl, And my

brok - en heart is call - ing, Call - ing for you, Dear Old Girl.

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M-O-T-H-E-R

(A Word That Means The World To Me)

(Male Voices)

Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
THEODORE MORSE

Slowly with expression

"M" is for the mil-lion things she gave me, "O" means on-ly that she's grow-ing old,
is for the mer-cy she pos-ses - ses, means that I owe her all I own,

"T" is for the tears were shed to save me,
is for her ten - der sweet ca - res - ses,

[grow-ing old]
[all I own]

"H" is for her heart of pur-est gold, "E" is for her eyes, with love-light shin - ing,
is for her hands that made a home: means ev-'ry-thing she's done to help me,

"R" means right, and right she'll al - ways be,
means real and reg - u - lar, you see,

rall. *ff*

Put them all to-geth-er, they spell "MOTH-ER", A word that means the world to me.

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Over There

(Mixed Voices)

GEO. M. COHAN

March tempo

f O-ver There, O-ver There, Send the word, send the

O-ver There, O-ver There,

word O-ver There. That the Yanks (Boys) are com-ing The Yanks (Boys) are

com-ing, The drums rum - tum-ming ev-'ry - where ev-'ry - where So pre-

So pre- pare say a pray'r,

-pare, say a pray'r, Send the word, send the

word to be - ware, We'll be o - ver, we're com-ing

Send the word that we'll be o - ver,

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o - ver, And we won't come back till it's o-ver, O-ver There.

o - ver,

K-K-K-Katy

Moderato (Male Voices)

GEOFFREY O'HARA

K-K-K-Ka-ty, beau-ti-ful Ka-ty, You're the

on-ly g-g-g-girl that I a-dore; When the m-m-m-

moon shines, O-ver the cow-shed, I'll be

wait-ing at the k-k-k-kitch-en door.

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Goodbye Broadway, Hello France

Words by
C. FRANCIS REISNER
and BENNY DAVIS

Music by
BILLY BASKETTE

Marcia

mf

Good - bye Broad - way, Hel - lo France,—

We're ten mil - lion strong, —— Good - bye

sweet - hearts, wives and moth-ers, It won't take us

long, —— Don't you wor - ry while we're there,—

— It's for you we're fight - ing too, ——

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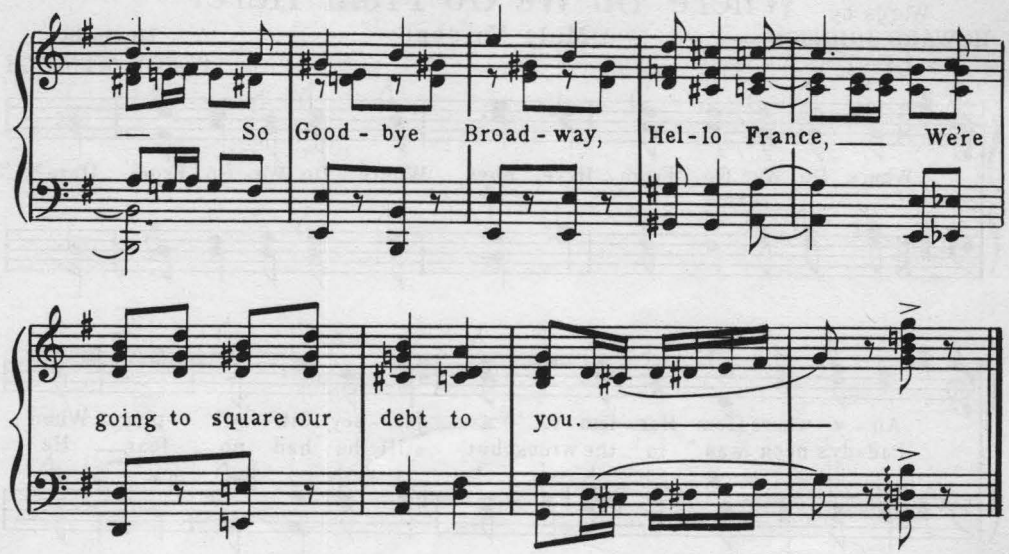


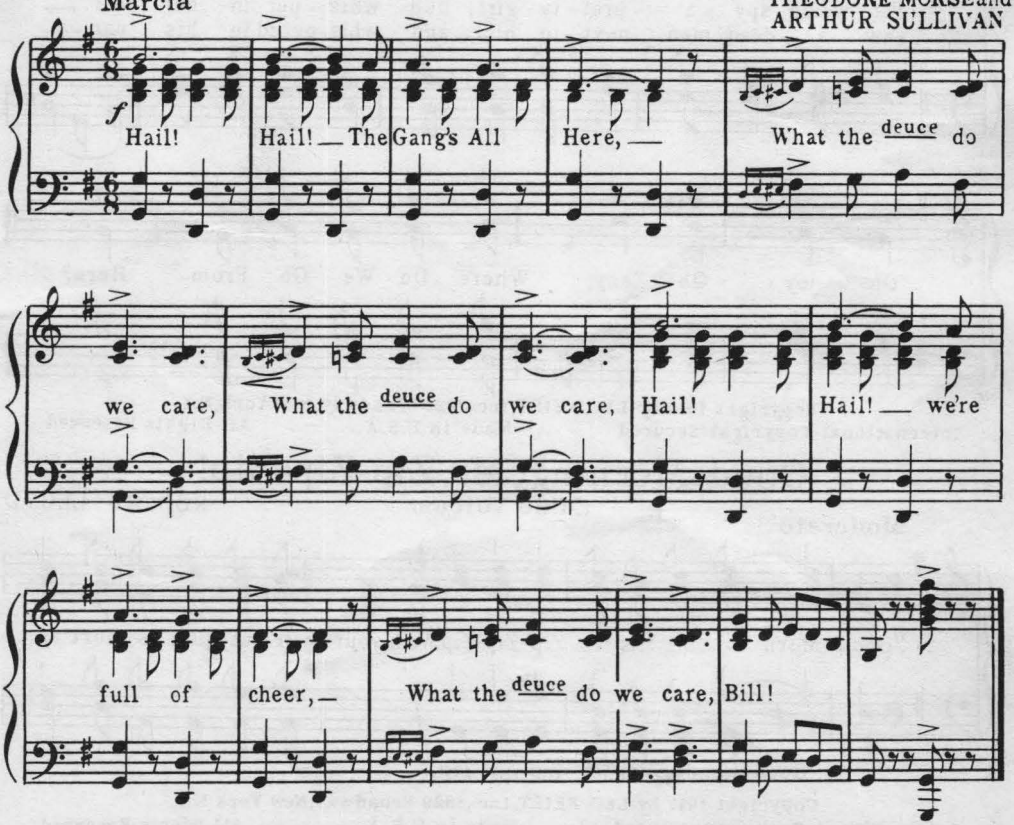
Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!

(What The deuce Do We Care)

Words by
D. A. ESROM

Music by
THEODORE MORSE and
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Marcia



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Where Do We Go From Here?

(Male Voices)

Words by HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by PERCY WENRICH

Lively

Where Do We Go From Here, Boys, Where Do We Go From Here?

An - y -where from Har - lem to a Jer - sey Cit - y pier,— When
Pad-dy's neck was in the wreck, but still he had no fear— He

Pat would spy a pret- ty girl, he'd whis - per in her ear.—
saw a dead man next to him and whis-pered in his ear.—

Oh joy, Oh boy, Where Do We Go From Here?

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Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip!

(Male Voices)

ROBERT LLOYD

Moderato

"Good Morn - ing, Mis-ter Zip-Zip-Zip, With your hair cut just as short as

Good Morn-ing, Mis-ter Zip-Zip-Zip,

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mine, Good Morn - ing, Mis - ter Zip - Zip - Zip, You're

Good Morn - ing, Mis - ter Zip - Zip - Zip,

sure - ly look - ing fine. Ash - es to ash - es and

[Look - ing fine]

dust to dust, If the Cam - els don't get you, The Fa - ti - mas must, Good

Morn - ing, Mis - ter Zip - Zip - Zip, With your hair cut just as short as, your

Good Morn - ing, Mis - ter Zip - Zip - Zip,

hair cut just as short as, your hair cut just as short as mine."

as mine."

I Ain't Got Weary Yet!

(Male Voices)

Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato

But I Ain't Got Wear-y Yet, No, I Ain't Got Wear-y Yet, Been Wear-y yet

dig-ging in the trench-es all day long, All the time I'm a-sing-ing this song; 'Cause I Ain't Got Wear-y Yet, And I nev-er will, you bet! Why, all the French girls that I see, Beg to sit right on my knee, Well, Now if I'm wound-ed by a shell, Some nice nurse will make me well, And Tho' I've been wound-ed in this fight, Shot at sun-rise, gassed at night, Out-side of that I feel all right, if that's war it just suits me, still they say that war is H., And I Ain't Got Wear-y Yet. But I Ain't Got Wear-y Yet.

1.-2. *Last rall.*

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'Round Her Neck She Wears A Yeller Ribbon

(For Her Lover Who Is Fur, Fur Away)

(Male Voices)

Moderately

GEO. A. NORTON

'Round Her Neck She Wears A Yel-ler Rib-bon, She wears it in the win-ter, and the

sum-mer so they say If you ask her "Why the dec-o-ra-tion?" She'll

say, "It's fur my lov-er who is fur, fur a-way. Fur a-way, fur a-

Fur a-way,

Fur a-way,

-way," If she is milk-in' cows or mow-in' hay, 'Round Her Neck She

Fur a-way,

Wears A Yel-ler Rib-bon, She wears it fur her lov-er who is fur, fur a-way.

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She Was Just A Sailor's Sweetheart

Moderato

JOE BURKE

She Was Just A Sail - or's Sweet-heart, — And she loved her sail - or lad. — But he left her broke in Hart-ford, — He was all she ev - er had. — But she still be - lieves in sail - ors, — And she's true to the Red, White and Blue, — And al - tho' she's barred from the Na-vy yard — Oh! she loves her sail-or boy, Pos-i - tive - ly! — And tho' she got sore when he broke her jaw, — Oh! she loves her sail-or boy, Ab-so - lute - ly!

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The Rose Of "No Man's Land"

(Male Voices)

JACK CADDIGAN &
JAMES A. BRENNAN

Slowly, with expression

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land" And it's won-der-ful to

see, Tho' it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years, In my

to see

gar-den of mem-o-ry. It's the one red rose the

sol-dier knows, It's the work of the Mas-ter's hand, 'Mid the

Largamente

war's great curse, stands the Red Cross Nurse, She's The Rose Of "No Man's Land."

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There's A Little Spark Of Love Still Burning

(Male Voices)

Lyrics by
JOE McCARTHY

Music by
FRED FISCHER

Moderato

There's A Lit - tle Spark Of Love Still Burn - ing, and

yearn - ing down in my heart for you, There's a long - ing there for your re-

yes, I do! come to

-turn - ing, I want you! I do! So come, come,

yes, I do!

my heart, come, come,

to my heart a - gain, come, come, set that love a - flame, For There's A

a yearn-ing

Lit - tle Spark Of Love Still Burn-ing, and yearn-ing for you.—

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Peg O' My Heart

(Mixed Voices)

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN

Music by
FRED FISCHER

Moderato

Peg 'O My Heart [Peg 'O My Heart] I love you, We'll nev-er part [We'll nev-er part.] I love you, Dear lit-tle girl Sweet lit-tle girl. Sweet lit-tle girl. [You're sweet-er, Sweet lit-tle girl.

(Solo ad lib)

Sweet-er than the Rose of E-rin Are your win-ning smiles en-dear-in' than] the Rose of E-rin. Peg O'My Heart [Peg O'My Heart] Your glanc-es with I-rish art. [with I-rish art] en-trance us, Come be my own, Come, make your home in my heart. heart my heart Come make your home, your home in my heart heart my heart

f *(p)* *rall.* *a tempo* *rall.* *ten.* *Optional ending* *(rall.)*

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The Curse Of An Aching Heart

(Mixed Voices)

Words by
HENRY FINK

Music by
AL. PIANTADOSI

Slowly, with expression

You made me what I am to - day, I hope you're sat - is-

-fied. (sat - is - fied) You dragged and dragged me down un - til My

soul with - in me died; (with - in me died;) You've shat-tered each and

ev-'ry dream, You fooled me from the start And tho' you're not

rall.

true, May God bless you, That's The Curse Of An Ach- ing Heart. (Ach-ing Heart.)

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I'm Sorry I Made You Cry

(Mixed Voices)

N. J. CLESI

Slowly with feeling

I'm sor - ry, dear, so sor - ry, dear, I'm Sor-ry, I Made You Cry! I'm so sor - ry, Won't you for - get, won't you for - give? Oh, Don't let us say good - bye! good - bye One lit - tle word, one lit - tle smile, One lit - tle kiss, won't you try? Won't you try, dear, It breaks my heart to hear you sigh, I'm Sor-ry I Made You Cry! (made you cry.)

cresc. *rall.*

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I'm A Ding Dong Daddy

(From Dumas)
(Male Voices)

Moderato

PHIL BAXTER

Du-mas,

I'm A Ding Dong Dad-dy from Du-mas, You ought to see me do my stuff. I'm a
Ding Dong Dad-dy from Du-mas, You ought to see me do my stuff. I'm a
Ding Dong Dad-dy from Du-mas, You ought to see me do my stuff. I'm a

Du-mas,

clean cut fel-low from Hor-ner's Cor-ner, You ought to see me strut I'm a
Ping Pong Pa-pa from Pitch-Fork Prai-rie, You ought to see me strut I'm a
peach-pie pa-pa from Jack-son's Hol-low, You ought to see me strut I'm a

ca-per cut-tin' cu-tie, Got a gal called Ka-tie, She's a
Ding — Dong — Dad-dy, Got a whiz bang mam-ma, She's a
hon-ey drip-pin' dad-dy, Got a hard-heart-ed ba-by, She's a

lit-tle heav-y la-den but I call her "Ba-by," I'm A Ding Dong Dad-dy from
Bear-Creek — ba-by and a wam-pus kit-ty, I'm A Ding Dong Dad-dy from
sheik-shak-in' She-ba but she can't shake me 'Cause I'm A Ding Dong Dad-dy from

Du-mas,

1. 2.

Du-mas, You ought to see me do my stuff. I'm a
Du-mas, You ought to see me do my stuff. I'm a
Du-mas, You ought to see me do my stuff.

Du-mas,

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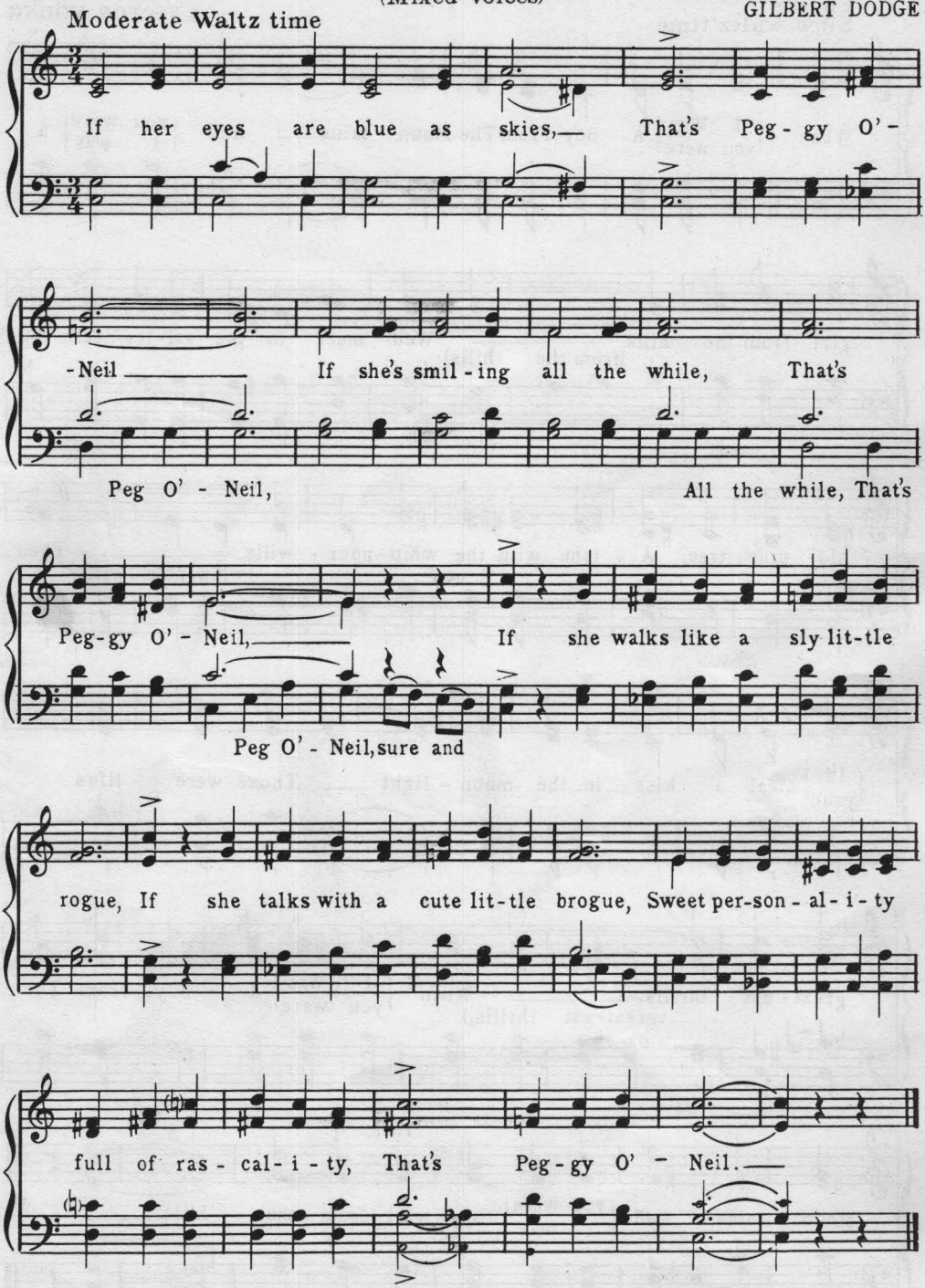
Peggy O'Neil

(Mixed Voices)

HARRY PEASE
ED. G. NELSON and
GILBERT DODGE



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When I Was A Boy From The Mountains

(And You Were A Girl From The Hills)

(Mixed Voices)

Chorus
Slow waltz time

GEORGE BROWN
& VICTOR YOUNG

When {I Was / you were} A Boy From The Moun - tains — And {you were / I was} a girl from the hills, (from the hills) We'd meet in the val-ley 'neath the old pine tree, A - lone with the whip-poor - wills. (whip-poor-wills) Then {I'd / you'd} steal a kiss in the moon - light — Those were life's great - est thrills, (great-est thrills,) When {I Was / you were} A Boy From The Moun - tains And {you were / I was} a girl from the hills.

rall.

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Back In The Old Sunday School

(Mixed Voices)

PHILLIPS H. LORD,
MAY SINGHI BREEN
and PETER DE ROSE

Moderato *(not too slow)*

When we held our hymn-book to - geth - er, (to - geth - er,)

Back In The Old Sun-day School, We sang ev-'ry song,

Learned right from wrong, Back In The Old Sun-day School. (Sun-day School) I re-

-mem-ber, the time, Your hand clasped in mine, Learn-ing the sweet Gold-en

Rule, (Gold-en Rule,) They taught us to love one an - oth - er, (one an-

rall.

-oth - er,) Back In The Old Sun-day School.

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Take Me Back To Col-ler-rad-da Fer To Stay

Moderato

MORAN MOORE

1. Take Me back to Col-ler-rad-da, she's a beat-in' ole New-vad-da, I'm a long-in' fer them foothills ev-er' day; Hit's so sooth-in' in the eve-nin', when the ole grav wolf's a griev-in', Take Me Back To Col-ler-rad-da Fer To Stay, Fer to stay, Fer to stay, Col-ler-rad-da or I'm bust-in' right a-way. Ah jes' love the roar and rat-tle of the hoofs and horns of cat-tle, Take Me Back To Col-ler-rad-da Fer To Stay.

2. When them north winds get to howl-in' and the ole ky-otes a prowl-in', Then hit's me you'll see a set-tin' by the farr; Mah ole dawg wont be a growl-in' and you wont ketch me a scowl-in', Fer we both know jes-tez-ack-ly whur we orr, Whur we orr, Whur we orr, You kin bet yer boots we're know-in' whur we orr. Mah ole dawg 'll be a scratch-in' fleas and ah'll be toast-in' mah ole knees, A set-tin' in mah cab-in bah the farr.

L.H.

Chorus

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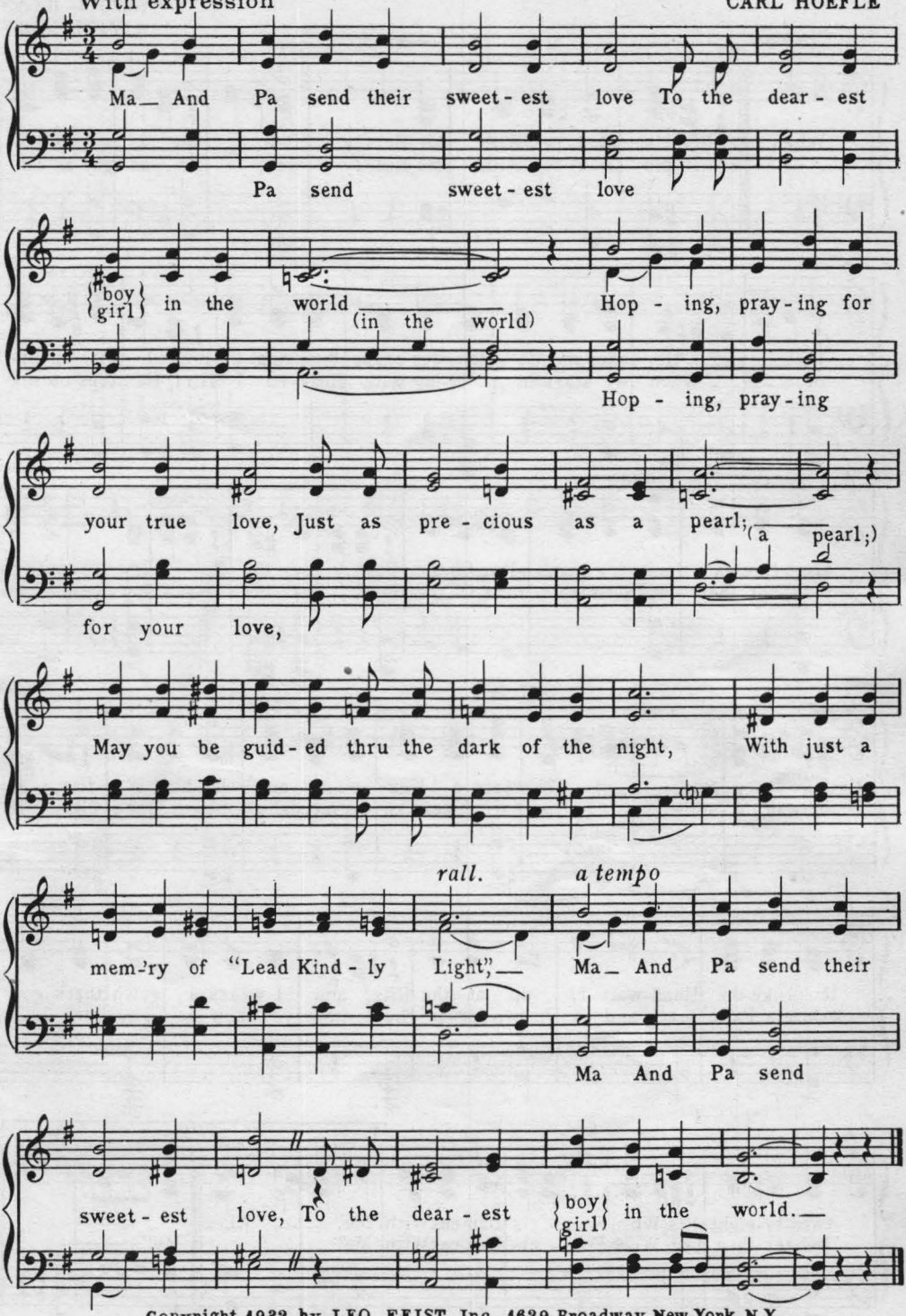
Ma And Pa

(Mixed Voices)

Chorus
With expression

Words and Music by
CARL HOEFLE



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When Francis Dances With Me

BENNY RYAN
& VIOLINSKY

Chorus *mf*

"When Fran - cis Dan - ces With Me, Hul - ly Gee, I'm as gay as can be, He takes me to dan - ces 'cause that's what I love, I fit in his arms like a mo - tor - man's glove, Oh, the Bow - 'ry the Bow - 'ry we don't go there an - y more, He wears a Tux - e - do and Gee, how it fits, He looks like the Head - wait - er up at the Ritz, and I wears a gown that's got twen - ty - eight slits, When Fran - cis Dan - ces With Me." "When

Fran - cis Dan - ces With Me, Hul - ly Gee, I'm as gay as can be, When we start in waltz - ing with Heav - en I flirt, He steps on my toes but they don't seem to hurt, Oh, the Bow - 'ry the Bow - 'ry we don't go there an - y more, His hair shines like dia - monds, he combs it down flat, He wears a Palm Beach and a brown der - by hat, now you know a guy can't look bet - ter than that, When Fran - cis Dan - ces With Me."

1. 2.

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Oh, What A Pal Was "Whoozis"

(Male Voices)

GUS KAHN &
JOE BURKE

Chorus
Moderato

Oh, What A Pal Was "Whooz-is" Let's drink a toast to, I for-get his
Oh, What A Pal Was "Whooz-is" I real-ly love her more than who can

"Whooz-is"

name. Oh, What A Pal Was "Whooz-is" In
tell. Oh, What A Pal Was "Whooz-is" Her

"Whooz-is"

rain or shine I love him just the same just the same For we've been friends in
name was, Oh, I used to know it well! know it well I'll al-ways keep her

fair and storm-y weath-er Be-cause we went to dif-f'rent schools to-
pic-ture in my lock-et I can't for-get how she could pick my

rit. - - *a tempo*

-geth-er, And Oh, What A Pal Was "Whooz-is" From my
pock-et, But Oh, What A Pal Was "Whooz-is" From my

"Whooz-is"

1. 2. *rall.*

old New Hamp-shire home in Ten-nes-see.
old Ken-tuck-y home a-cross the street. A-cross the street.

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In The Old Town Hall

HARRY PEASE
ED. G. NELSON and
HOWARD JOHNSON

Moderato
Chorus

p-f

1. In The Old Town Hall, In The Old Town Hall, That's the
Old Town Hall, In The Old Town Hall, Ev - 'ry
Old Town Hall, In The Old Town Hall, Cows and
Old Town Hall, In The Old Town Hall, Tho' this

place where ev - 'ry one went, When we were kids man - y good times were
year the Church had a fair, They'd sell you chan-ces on ev - 'ry thing
pigs walked in thro' the door, E - ven the chick-ens laid eggs on the
song was writ - ten in fun, Let's not for - get man-y great things were

spent In The Old Town Hall, Those hap-py days I re-
there, In The Old Town Hall, Gee, how the Rubes used to
floor, In The Old Town Hall, They had a wel - come for
done, In The Old Town Hall, When farm-er boys heard the

call; That's where they held all the dan-ces and fights, The old Maid's
fall; Once I went home with my poc-ket-book flat, For I bought
all; The town went dry and the folks were in tears, Ex - cept the
call; They left their plows and the soil that they tilled, They went a -

club would meet there Tues-day nights, Next day you'd see Bur-lesque with girls dress'd in
tick-ets for this and for that, And all that I win was a brown der - by
Sher-iff and he gave three cheers, For he had e - nough to last for - ty - five
-cross, with their deeds we were thrilled, So let's not for - get they were trained and were

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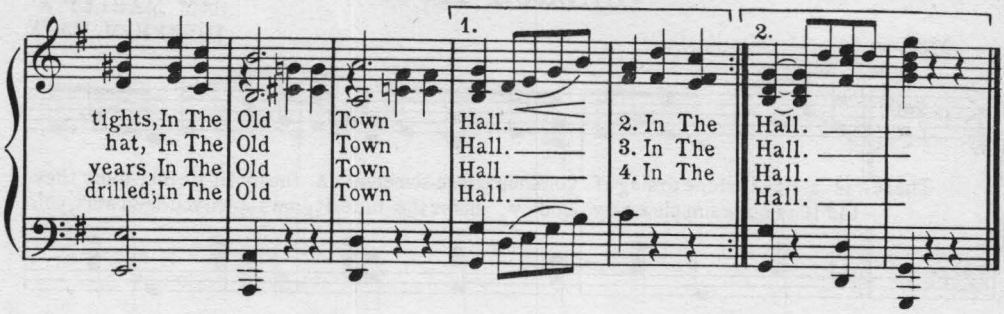

Cut Yourself A Piece Of Cake

(And Make Yourself At Home)

Chorus
Moderately
mf

Words and Music by
BILLY JAMES

1. Cut Your-self A Piece Of Cake and make your-self at home, I'm sor - ry that I can't cook steak but cake is so "high - toned" You'll get corns and bun - ions, From eat - ing Span - ish on - ions, So
2. Cut Your-self A Piece Of Cake and make your-self at home, I tried to make some dough-nuts but they all turned out like stone, You know you should di - et, Start in right now and try it, So
3. Cut Your-self A Piece Of Cake and make your-self at home, My hub - by's at the lodge to - night just had me on the phone, Tell me how's you're moth - er? Your sis - ter and your broth-er? Won't you

Cut Your-self A Piece Of Cake and make your-self at home.
Cut Your-self A Piece Of Cake and make your-self at home.
Cut Your-self A Piece Of Cake and make your-self at home.

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Chicken Reel

SAM MARLEY &
JOSEPH M. DALY

Moderato

mf

There is a lit-tle tune to sing if you should lone-some feel, A fun-ny lit-tle mel-o-dy they
-tho' it is quite sim-ple, ev-'ry-bod-y hums the tune, It grows up-on you like a wart, you

1. call the "Chick-en, Reel," Al-

2. sing it night and noon.

Gran-dad-dy heard the tune and
Old Hi-ram Stone who had

then for-got his "Rheu-ma-tiz," Threw 'way the cane he car-ried, since the Civ-il War.
long for-got what smil-ing is, Laughed out so loud that his

1.

2. teeth fell on the floor. I

went in-to the barn one day a-
old maid of the town ran to the

hum-ming "Chick-en Reel," The
sta-tion out of breath, She

mule kicked off the barn-door, tho' the
grabbed the first man off the train and

1. hin-ges were of steel, The

2. hugged him near to death.

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p

In the gen -'ral store quite a crowd could be seen.

Reu-ben Jones had out-played the check-er "Cham - peen,"

mf

Rube had him cor-nered and in a bad way, Just then the "Chick-en Reel" start-ed to play

Up went the check-er board and lost the day, that reel (Chick-en Reel, Chick en Reel) Some Reel! Now

ev-'ry chick-en has a tail and ev- 'ry tale an end, So here's the end of "Chick-en Reel," but
fin-ish up the evening with and make things seem com-plete, If you are tired of sing-ing you can

1. if you need a friend,_ To

2. try it with your feet. Roll up the car-pet, let's go!

Words by
EDWARD MADDEN
(New words by DOLLY MORSE)

Blue Bell
(Mixed Voices)

Music by
THEODORE MORSE

Moderato

Good - bye, my Blue Bell, Fare - well, sweet -

-heart, My thoughts will be with you while

Fare - well, Dear,

we're a - part. [a - - part.] Sweet dreams en -

-fold you, God keep you well 'Till

God keep you

my arms hold you al - ways, My Blue Bell.

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Ja-Da

Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing, Jing!
(Mixed Voices)

BOB CARLTON

Moderately swingy and accented

Ja Da, — Ja Da, — Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing,
Ja Da, — Ja Da,

Jing, Ja Da, — Ja Da, — Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing,
Ev-'ry-bo-dy's sing-ing, Ja Da, — Ja Da,

Jing, — That's a fun-ny lit-tle bit of mel-o-dy. —
Ja Da, Jing, Jing,

It's so sooth-ing and ap-peal-ing to me, — It goes Ja Da, —
Ja Da, —

Ja Da, — Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing, Jing! —
Ja Da, Jing, Jing!

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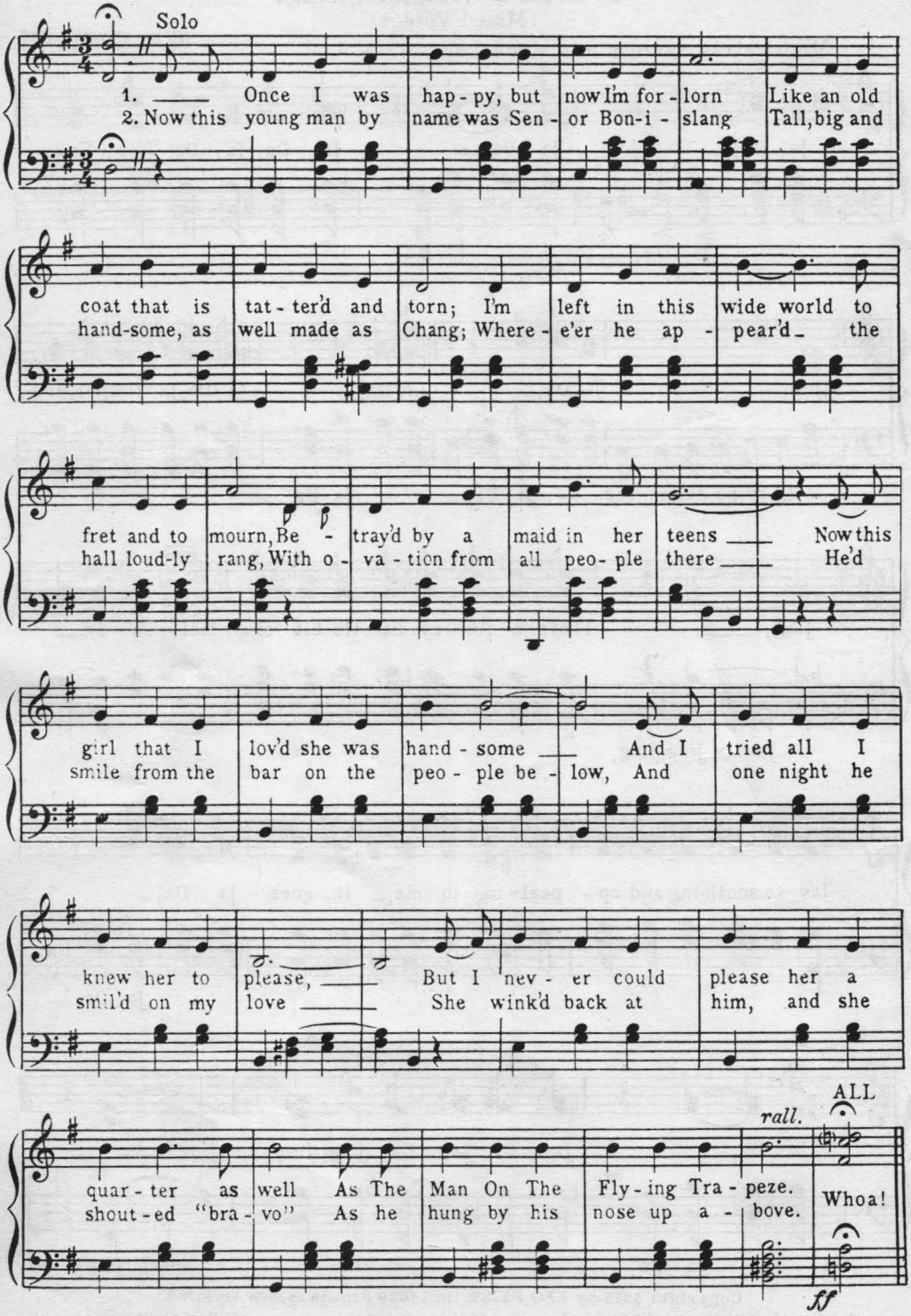
The Man On The Flying Trapeze



Chorus *(Mixed voices)*

He flies thru the air with the great-est of ease, This dar-ing young

man on the fly-ing tra-peze, His move-ments are grace-ful, all

girls he does please, And my love he's pur-loin-ed a-way.

A humorous effect may be obtained by the Tenors and Basses singing "um, pah-pah" in imitation of the Village Band.

Sailing

Brightly

GODFREY MARKS

f

Sail-ing, Sail-ing, o-ver the bound-ing main, For man-y a storm-y

wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a-gain. Sail-ing, Sail-ing, o-ver the bound-ing

(ad lib. rit.)

main; For man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a-gain.

Little Brown Jug

Lively

mf

My wife and I live all a - lone, in a lit-tle brown hut we call our own.

She loves gin, and I love rum, Tell you what it is, Don't we have fun?

Refrain

Ha! Ha! Ha! 'tis you and me, Lit - tle Brown Jug Don't I love thee

Ha! Ha! Ha! 'tis you and me, Lit - tle Brown Jug Don't I love thee.

Oh, My Darling Clementine

Moderately

P. MONTROSE

1. In a cav - ern, in a can - yon, Ex - ca - vat - ing for a mine, Dwelt a min - er, for - ty nin - er, And his daugh - ter Cle - men - tine.
2. Light she was and like a fai - ry, And her shoes were num - ber nine; Her - ring box - es, with - out top - ses San - dals were for Cle - men - tine.
3. Drove she duck - lings to the wat - er, Ev - 'ry morn - ing just at nine, Hit her foot a - gainst a splin - ter, Fell in - to the foam - ing brine.
4. Ru - by lips a - bove the wat - er, Blow - ing bub - bles soft and fine; A - las for me! I was no swim - mer, So I lost my Cle - men - tine.

Refrain

Oh my dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling, Oh My Dar-ling Cle-men-tine, You are lost and gone for-ev-er, Dred-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-tine.

Comrades

Waltz time

FELIX McGLENNON

Com-rades, Com-rades, ev-er since we were boys.

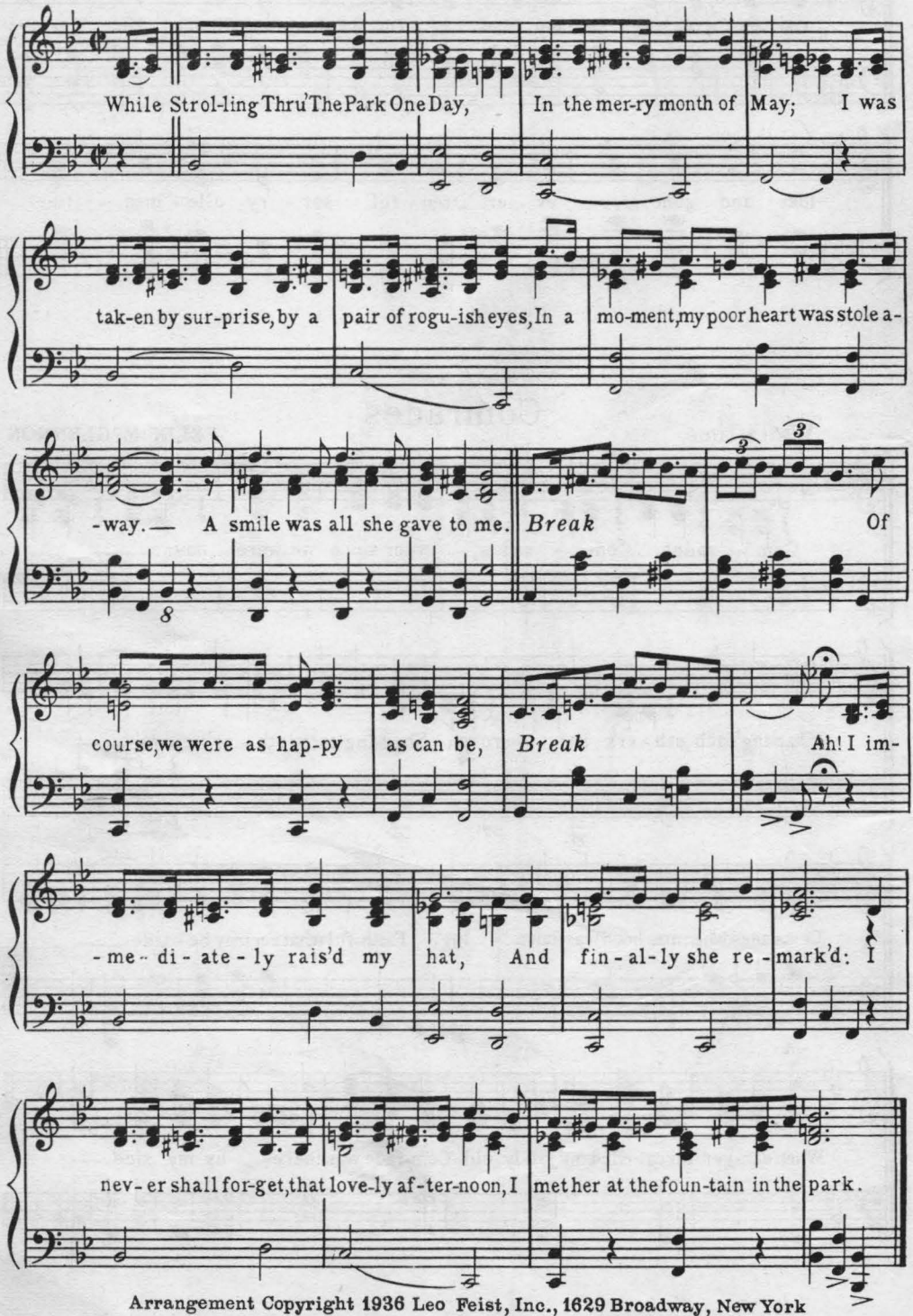
Shar-ing each oth-er's sor-rows, Shar-ing each oth-er's joys;

Com-rades when man-hood was dawn-ing, Faith-ful what e'er may be-tide;

When dan-ger threat-ened my jol-ly old Com-rade was there by my side.

While Strolling Thru' The Park One Day

(In The Merry Month Of May)



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Nellie Was A Lady

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderately

mf

1. Down on the Mis-sis-sip-pi float-ing, Long time I trav-el on the way; All night the cot-ton-wood a-tot-ing
2. Now I'm un-hap-py and I'm weep-ing, Can't tote the cot-ton-wood no more; Last night when Nel-lie was a-sleep-ing
3. Down in the mead-ow 'mong the clo-ver, Walk with my Nel-lie by my side; Now all those hap-py days are o-ver,

Refrain

mp

Sing for my true love all the day.
Death came a-knock-ing at the door. Nel-lie Was A La-dy,
Fare-well, my dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

pp *rall.*

Last night she died; Toll the bell for love-ly Nell, My dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

Sucking Cider Thru A Straw

f

1. The nic-est girl I ev-er saw Was Suck-ing Ci-der Thru A Straw.
2. And now I've got a ma-in-law From Suck-ing Ci-der Thru A Straw.

Good-Bye, Liza Jane

MINSTREL SONG

Brightly

f

I'm goin' a - way to leave you So good - bye, good - bye,

I'm goin' a - way to leave you So Good - bye, Li - za Jane,

I'm goin' a - way to leave you — I'm goin' down to Lynch-burg town, If

you get there be - fore I do. It's Good - bye, Li - za Jane.

Shoo-fly, Don't Bother Me

BILLY REEVES

FRANK CAMPBELL

Lively

Shoo - fly, Don't Both - er Me! Shoo - fly, Don't Both - er Me!

Shoo-fly, Don't Both - er Me! I be - long to com-p'ny G! I

feel, I feel, I feel; I feel like a morn - ing star, I

feel, I feel, I feel; I feel like a morn - ing star.

The Old Gray Mare

Lively

Oh, The Old Gray Mare, She ain't what she used to be, Ain't what she

used to be, Ain't what she used to be. The Old Gray Mare, She

ain't what she used to be, Man - y long years a - go.

Fine

Man - y long years a - go Man - y long years a - go. Oh, The

D.S. al Fine

Little Annie Rooney

Refrain-Waltz time

MICHAEL NOLAN

mf

She's my sweet-heart, I'm her beau; She's my

An-nie, I'm her Joe, Soon we'll mar-ry,

f

Nev-er to part, Lit-tle An-nie Roon-ey is my sweet-heart!

Nev-er

Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane

Moderately fast

Male Voices

mf

1. Hand Me Down My Walk-in' Cane, Hand Me
2. Hand me down my bot-tle o' corn, Hand me

Down My Walk-in' Cane. Oh!
down my bot-tle o' corn. Oh!

Hand Me Down My Walk - in' Cane Gon - na leave on that
Hand me down my bot-tle o' corn Gon - na get drunk just—

a - way. D.C.

mid - night train. 'Cause all my sins are tak - en a - way.—
sure's you're born. 'Cause all my sins are tak - en a - way.—

a - way.

a - way.

She'll Be Comin' 'Round The Mountain

(When She Comes)

mf

1. She'll Be Com-in' Round The Moun-tain When She Comes,— She'll Be Com-in' Round The
2. She'll be driv- in' six white hors-es when she comes,— She'll be driv-in' six white
3. Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes,— Oh, we'll all go out to

Moun-tain When She Comes,— She'll be steam-in' and a - puf - fin', Oh Lawd,
hors-es when she comes,— She'll be driv - in' six white hors - es, She'll be
meet her when she comes,— We will kill the old red roos - ter, We will

She won't stop for noth-in', She'll Be Com-in' Round The Moun-tain When She Comes.—
driv- in' six white hors-es, She'll be driv-in' six white hors-es when she comes.—
kill the old red roos-ter, And we'll all have chick-en dump-lins when she comes.—

The Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore

CHARLES MORELAND

Slowly

mf

It now lies on the shelf, it is fad - ed and torn, That
Oh, my heart of - ten aches, with a dull throb - bing pain, When

dear old shawl my moth-er wore, 'Tis all that is left for this
child-hood vis-ions come a - gain And sad-ly I think of the

moth-er wore,
come a-gain

heart to a - dore, To bring to mind those hap - py days of
days that are past, Too joy - ous and too beau - ti - ful to

yore; How of - ten the hands to these folds have been pressed, That
last; Oh, fond, love-ly child-hood, made bright by the smile Of

now be - neath the dai - sies are at rest (at rest) The
one whose love could ev - 'ry care be - guile (be - guile) How

tears come un - bid - den and si - lent - ly, fall, To
glad - ly I'd fly from the world's bit - ter thrall, To

rall.

gleam like gems on moth - er's old red shawl.
seek the heart that throbb'd be - neath this shawl.

Refrain

mfa tempo

It is use - ful no more, Yet I fond - ly a - dore That.

dear old shawl my moth - er wore, And thru life it shall be a loved

trea-sure to me, That Lit - tle Old Red Shawl My Moth-er Wore.

Here's To

Round

1 2

Here's a health to all them that we love! Here's a health to all them that love us.

3 4

Here's a health to all them that love those that love them, That love those that love them that love us.

Hinky Dinky Parlee Voo

Two Ger-man of-fi-cers crossed the Rhine, Par - lee-voo — Two Ger-man of-fi-cers
Oh, far-mer have you a daugh-ter fair, Par - lee-voo — Oh, far-mer have you a

crossed the Rhine, Par - lee - voo — Two Ger-man of - fi-cers crossed the Rhine to
daugh-ter fair, Par - lee - voo — Oh, far-mer have you a daugh- ter fair who

kiss the wom-en and drink the wine,
can wash a sol-dier's un - der wear, Hin-ky Din-ky par - lee - voo. ——

Aloha Oe

(Farewell To Thee)

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

Chorus
Slowly, with expression

Fare - well To Thee, Fare-well To Thee, Thou charming one who dwells a-mong the

1. 2.

bow-ers, One fond embrace, be-fore I now de-part, Un-til we meet — a - gain. Fare- gain.

Daisy Bell

(Bicycle Built For Two)

HARRY DACRE

Waltz tempo

f

Dai - sy, Dai - sy, Give me your an-swer, do ___ I'm half

cra - zy All for the love of you. ___ It won't be a styl - ish mar-riage; _ I can't af-

ford a car-riage, _ But you'll look sweet on a seat of a bi-cy-cle built for two.

sfz

Noah's Ark

Allegretto

f

1. Old Noah he built him-self an ark, There's one wide riv-er to cross! He
2. The an-imals went in one by one, There's one wide riv-er to cross! And
3. The an-imals went in two by two, There's one wide riv-er to cross! The

built it all of hick-ory bark, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
Ja-phet with a big bass drum, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
Ele-phant and the Kan-ga-roo, There's one wide riv-er to cross!

Chorus

There's one wide riv-er, And

that wide riv-er is Jor-dan, There's one wide riv-er, There's one wide riv-er to cross.

Just Tell Them That You Saw Me

Slowly — Male Voices — PAUL DRESSER

"Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" She said, "They'll know the rest; Just tell them I was look-ing well, you know; — Just whisp-er, if you get a chance, to moth-er dear and say — "I love her as I did long, long a-go. Long, long a-go.

rall.

and say

Dear Evelina

Waltz tempo

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil-y first blows, Where the wind from the moun-tains ne'er ruf-fles the rose; Lives fond Ev-e-li-na, the
2. She's fa r like a rose, like a — lamb she is meek, And she nev-er was known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace-ful curls hangs her

sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val-ley, the girl that I love.
ra - ven black hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there.

Refrain

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for

1. thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; 2. *rall.* nev - er, nev - er die.

nev - er, nev-er die;

nev - er die;

Down In A Coal Mine

Refrain
Moderato

Male Voices

Down In A Coal Mine, un - der-neath the ground, Where a gleam of

sun-shine nev-er can be found; Dig-ging dusk-y dia - monds

all the sea-son round, Down In A Coal Mine, un-der-neath the ground.

My Sweetheart's The Man In The Moon

JAMES THORNTON

Waltz tempo (*marcato*)

f

My Sweet-heart's The Man In The Moon — I'm go-ing to

mar-ry him soon, — 'Twould fill me with bliss just to

give him one kiss, But I know that a doz-en I nev-er would

miss, I'll go up in a great big bal-loon — And

see my sweet-heart in the moon, — Then be-hind a dark cloud where no

one is al-low'd, I'll make love to the Man In The Moon. *sfz*

The Band Played On

CHARLES WARD

Waltz time *(with a swing)*

mf

Ca-sey would waltz with a straw-ber-ry blonde, And The Band

Played On — He'd glide 'cross the floor with the

girl he a-dored, And The Band Played On — But his

brain was so load-ed it near-ly ex-plod-ed, The poor girl would

shake with a-larm. — He'd ne'er leave the girl with the

with a-larm.

straw-ber-ry curls And The Band Played On. —

Lucy Long

(Mixed Voices)

1. Oh! I jist come out a - fore you, To sing a lit - tle song;
2. Miss Lu - cy she is hand - some, Miss Lu - cy she is tall;
3. I axed her for to mar - ry, My self de tod - er day;
4. If she makes a scold-ing wife, As sure as she was born;

I plays it on de ban - jo, And dey calls it Lu - cy Long.
To see her dance Ca - chu - cha, Is death to one and all.
She said she'd rath - er tar - ry, So I let her hab her way.
I'll tote her down to Geor-gia, And trade her off for corn.

Chorus

Oh! take your time, Miss Lu-cy, take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long;

Oh! take your time, Miss Lu - cy, take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long.

D.C.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

(Mixed Voices)

Lively

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And left the hap - py
2. Oh! ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a -
3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a

val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my
-bove me, And gent - ly lent their silv - 'ry light, When first she vowed she
ran - ger, The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a

Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re -
loved me. But now I'm bound to wan - der far, But fate will some day
stran - ger; The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove, Shall ev - er cheer and

- mind me, How swift the hours did pass a - way. With the girl I've left be - hind me.
find me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain. To the girl I've left be - hind me.
bind me, In con - stan - cy to her I love. The girl I've left be - hind me.

The Bowery

CHARLES A. HOYT — PERCY GAUNT

Waltz tempo *(very marked)*

f — *sf* — *sf*

The Bow - 'ry, The Bow - 'ry; They say such things and they do strange

ff — *sf* — *sf*

things on The Bow - 'ry, The Bow - 'ry, I'll nev - er go there an - y more.

Red River Valley

N. E. PEARSON

Slowly

mp

1. From this val - ley they say you are go - ing, — I shall
I've been think-ing a long time, my dar - ling! — Of the
2. I have prom-ised you dar - ling that nev - er, — Shall the
When you think of the val - ley you're leav - ing, — Oh! how

miss your sweet face and your smile, (your — smile) Just be-cause you are wea - ry and
sweet words you nev - er would say, (would — say) Now a - las, must the fond hopes all
words from my lips cause you pain, (cause you pain) And my life it shall be yours for-
lone-ly and drear it would be, (it would be) When you think of the fond heart you're

tir - ed, — You are chang - ing your range for a while. —
van - ish? — For they say you are go - ing a - way. —
ev - er, — If — you on - ly love me a - gain. —
break-ing, — And the pain you are caus - ing to me. —

Refrain

mp

Then come sit here a while ere you leave us, — Do not
hast - en to bid us a - dieu, — Just re - mem - ber the Red Riv - er
Val - ley, — And the cow - boy who loved you so true. —

J. MACKLYN MESKILL

Cielito Lindo

(Beautiful Heaven)

C. FERNANDEZ

Waltz tempo

f

Gar - den of love Beau - ti - ful
Gar - den of dreams Beau - ti - ful

Heav-en Where rain - bows bend, to one hap-py end And
Heav-en We'll meet a - gain and love just as then While

all the world sings I love you.
all the world sings I love you.

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Santa Lucia

Moderately

p

1. Now 'neath the sil-ver moon o - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm bil - low
Here balm-y breez-es blow, pure joys in - vite us, And as we gent-ly row,
2. When o'er thy wa - ters light winds are play-ing, Thy spell can soothe us,
To thee, sweet Na-po-li, what charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre - a - tion,

soft winds are blow-ing;
all things de - light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry Joy - ous-ly
all care al - lay-ing; Home, of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure
toil blest by heav-en.

ech-oes nigh: San-ta- Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!
Har-mo-ny, San-ta- Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu-ci-a!

My Blue Danube

HOWARD JOHNSON (Blue Danube) JOHANN STRAUSS

Waltz tempo

p

Dan-ube so blue, I'm long-ing for you. You

mur-mur of home, far o-ver the foam Your

waves I can see, they're wav-ing at me And

f

I long to be, back a-gain. Just to hear your sweet re-frain.

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Oh Marie

HOWARD JOHNSON Maria, Mari! E. DI CAPUA

Brightly

mf

Oh Ma-rie, Oh Ma-rie, take my heart for it's yours can't you see
Ah! Ma-ri - a, Ma-ri! Quan-ta suon-no che per-do pe te;

pp *poco rit.* *a tempo* *mf*

I'm mad a-bout you, Tho' I long to be-lieve you I doubt you Oh Ma-
Fam-m'ad-dur-mi Ab-brac-cia-to nu po-co cu te! Ah! Ma-

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cresc. *a tempo* *f*

-rie, Oh Ma-rie, I can't seem to go on dear with-out you
-ri - a, Ma-ri! Quan-ta suon-no che per-do pe te!

f *poco dim.* *f*

You're meant for me Oh Ma-rie Oh Ma-rie.
Fam-m'ad-dur-mi Oj Ma-ri Oj Ma-ri!

Woodman, Spare That Tree

Moderate *mf* HENRY RUSSELL

1. Wood-man, Spare That Tree! Touch not a sin-gle bough; In
2. That old fa-mil-iar tree! Its glo-ry and re-nown, Are

youth it shel-tered me, And I'll pro-tect it now; 'Twas
spread o'er land and sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Wood-

my fore-fa-ther's hand, That placed it near his cot, There,
man, for-bear thy stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties, Oh!

Wood-man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
spare that a-ged oak, Now tow'-ring to the skies.

Ciribiribee

HOWARD JOHNSON

A. PESTALOZZA

Waltz tempo

mf Ci-ri-bi-ri -bee, with hearts so free, We'll sing and dance this mel - o - dy Ci-ri-bi-ri - bee, ah what ro - mance with lov - ing hearts in har-mon - y Ci-ri-bi-ri- bee, what ec - sta - sy, to sing thru life so mer - ri - ly, Ci-ri-bi-ri - bee, Ci-ri-bi-ri - bee,

slower *f*

Ci-ri-bi-ri - bee means love for thee.

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When Love Is Kind

THOMAS MOORE

OLD MELODY

Gracefully

mp

1. When Love Is Kind, cheer - ful and free,
2. If love can sigh, for one a - lone,
3. Love must in short, keep fond and true,

Love's sure to find wel - come from me;
Well pleased am I to be that one;
Thru good re - port, and e - vil too;

to find wel - come from me;
to be that one;
and e - vil too;

But when love brings heart-ache and pang, Tears and such things,
But should I see love giv'n to rove, To two, or three,
Else here I swear, young love may go, For aught I care,

1. 2.

love may go hang.
then good - bye love.

3.

(Solo or unison)

Ah!

(p)

to Je - ri - cho! to

rall.

ha! ha! ha! To Je - ri - cho!

Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho!

Dark Eyes

HOWARD JOHNSON

A. SALAMI

Slowly *rit.* *a tempo*

Dear Dark Eyes that shine, I once thought were mine Just for

Auld Lang Syne, please come back some time To your bal - co-ny,

dim.

and look down at me Bring back par - a - dise, Dear Dark Eyes.

Lyric by
HOWARD JOHNSON

Viennese Refrain

Moderately

mp An old re - frain is al-ways haunt-ing me I heard in child-hood days at Moth-er's

knee There in the can-dle light so ten-der - ly She'd sing a song that lives in mem-o-

ry A strain of hap-pi-ness that dear-er grows A hymn of love that just a Moth-er

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knows And as my tir - ed eyes be-gan to close At peace with all the world, I'd find re - pose.

Refrain

mf

Gone are those hap - py days so Hea - ven sent If I could

live them o'er I'd be con - tent Now ev-'ry night when shad-ows cov-er

me I miss that old re-frain of mem - o - ry.

poco rit.

Passing By

EDWARD PURCELL

Slowly *(softly)*

p

There is a la dy sweet and kind, Was nev-er face so pleas'd my mind;
Her ges-ture, mo-tion and her smiles, Her wit, her voice my heart be - guiles,

I did but see her Pass-ing By, And yet I love her, 'till I die.
Be-guiles my heart, I know not why, And yet I love her, 'till I die.

Twickenham Ferry

THEO. MARZIALS

Brightly

1. O hoi-ye ho, Ho-ye-ho Who's for the fer-ry The bri-ar's in bud, The
2. O hoi-ye ho, Ho-ye-ho I'm for the fer-ry The bri-ar's in bud, The

sun go-ing down, And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so stea-dy, And
sun go-ing down, And it's late as it is, and I have-n't a pen-ny, And

'tis but a pen-ny to Twick-en-ham Town. The Fer-ry-man's slim and the
how shall I get me to Twick-en-ham Town. She'd a rose in her bon-net, and

Fer-ry-man's young, And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue, And he's
Oh! she looked sweet, As the lit-tle pink flow-er that grows in the wheat, With her

fresh as a pip-pin and brown as a ber-ry, And 'tis but a pen-ny to
cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cher-ry, And

1.

Twick-en-ham Town.

2. *rall.* *a tempo*

sure and you're wel-come, To Twick-en-ham Town.

Juanita

Mrs. CAROLINE NORTON

mf Brightly

Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lin - g'ring falls the south - ern moon;
When in thy dream - ing Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

Far o'er the moun - tain, Breaks the day too soon!
And day - light beam - ing, Prove thy dreams are vain,

In thy dark eyes' splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

p rall.

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well.
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by.

Refrain

mf a tempo

Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part!
Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side!

poco rit.

Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own Fair Bride.

Massa's In De Cold Ground

Slowly

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

mp

1. Round de mead - ows am a - ring - ing, De dark - ey's mourn - ful
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were
3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so

song, While de mock-ing bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am
cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and
kind, Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be-

long, While de i - vy am a - creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound,
old, Now de or-ange trees am bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore,
hind, I can not work be-fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear drop flow; I

Dare old mas-sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more.
try to drive a-way my sor - row, Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

Chorus

Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful sound;

rit.

All de dark-eys am a - weep - ing, Mas-sa's In De Cold, Cold Ground.

Jingle Bells

Brightly

J. PIERPONT

1. Dash - ing thro' the snow In a one - horse o - pen sleigh,
2. Day or two a - go I _ thought I'd take a ride, And
3. Now the ground is white, Go it while you're young;

O'er the fields we go, Laugh - ing all the way;
soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The
Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleigh - ing song; Just

Bells on bob - tail ring, Mak - ing spir - its bright; What
horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He
get a bob-tailed nag, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - set.
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

Refrain *(Accompanied by jingling glasses)*

Jin-gle Bells! Jin-gle Bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride

1. In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

2. In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

(Mixed Voices)

LOUIS LAMBERT

Marcia

Solo or unison

f Ensemble

Solo or unison

mf

mf 1. When John-ny Comes March-ing Home A-gain, Hur-rah, hur-rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church-bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah, hur-rah! To wel-come home our

Ensemble

f

Solo or unison

mp

wel-come then, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar-ling boy, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and las-sies say With

Ensemble

ff

la-dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When John-ny Comes March-ing Home!
ro-ses they will strew the way,

I Wish I Was Single

(Male Voices)

Andante

1. I Wish I Was Sin-gle A-gain. a-gain Oh I
2. Young men — take warn-ing from this, from this; Young—

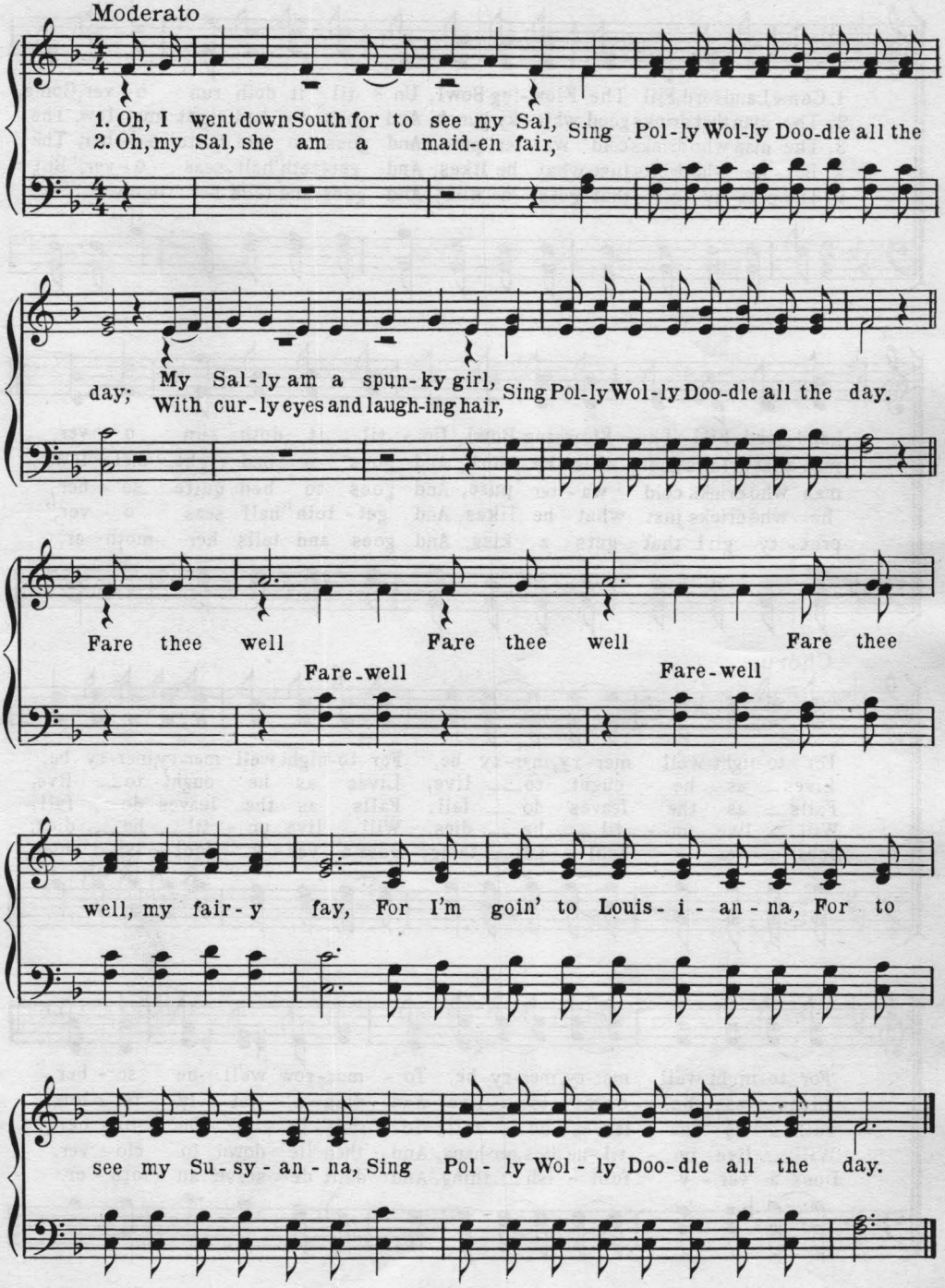
Wish I Was Sin-gle A-gain. — For when I was sin-gle My
men take warn-ing from this. — You're hitched til you're dy-ing And

ten

pock-ets would jin-gle Oh I Wish I Was Sin-gle A-gain.—
no use you're cry-ing Oh I Wish I Was Sin-gle A-gain.—

Polly-Wolly-Doodle

(Male Voices)



Landlord, Fill The Flowing Bowl

1. Come, Land-lord, Fill The Flow-ing Bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come,
2. The man that drinks good whis - ky punch, And goes to bed right mel - low, The
3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber, The
4. But he who drinks just what he likes, And get - teth "half seas o - ver," But
5. The pret - ty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her moth - er, The

Land-lord, Fill The Flow-ing Bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
man that drinks good whis - ky punch, And goes to bed right mel - low,
man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber,
he who drinks just what he likes, And get - teth "half seas o - ver,"
pret - ty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her moth - er,

Chorus

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be,
Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he ought to live,
Falls as the leaves do fall, Falls as the leaves do fall,
Will live un - til he dies, Will live un - til he dies,
Does a ver - y fool - ish thing, Does a ver - y fool - ish thing,

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To - mor-row we'll be so - ber.
Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low.
Falls as the leaves do fall, So rare - ly in Oc - to - ber.
Will live un - til he dies, per-haps, And then lie down in clo - ver.
Does a ver - y fool - ish thing, And don't de - serve an - oth - er.

The Bull-Dog On The Bank

(Male Voices)

1. Oh! The Bull-dog On The Bank,—
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

Oh! The Bull-dog On The Bank,—
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

rit. ad lib.

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,

Chorus

f

Oh! The Bull-dog On The Bank,— And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa-ter fool.
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a-laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.

Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, — Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, — Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, sing-ing, tra la la la la la, Tra la la la tra la la la, tra la la la la la.

Upidee

(Mixed Voices)

Solo or unison — Ensemble — Solo

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast
2. His brow was sad, his eyes be-neath

Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la — As Flash'd

or unison — Ensemble — Solo

thru an Al - pine vil - lage pass'd
like a faul-chion from his sheaf

Tra-la-la-la-la — A And

or unison — Ensemble

youth who bore,'mid snow and ice. A ban-ner with the strange de-vice.
like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac-cents of that un - known tongue.

Chorus

Up- i - dee-i, dee-i, da, Up-i-dee, Up-i-da, Up-i-dee-i-dee-i-da

Up-i-dee-i-da. *Fine* r-r-r-

Bohunkus

(Male Voices)

1st Tenor melody

1. There was a farm-er had two sons, And these two sons were broth-ers; Bo-
2. Now, these two boys had suits of clothes, And they were made for Sun-day; Bo-
3. Now, these two boys to the thea-ter went, When-ev-er they saw fit; — Bo-
4. Now, these two boys are dead and gone_Long may their ash-es rest!_ Bo-
5. Now, these two boys their sto-ry told, And they did tell it well._ Bo-

-hunk-us was the name of one, Jo-se-phus was the oth-er's.
-hunk-us wore his ev-'ry day, Jo-se-phus, his on Mon-day.
-hunk-us in the gal-l'ry sat, Jo-se-phus in the pit. —
-hunk-us of the chol-era died, Jo-se-phus by re-quest.-
-hunk-us he to heav-en went; Jo-se-phus he to

Vive l'Amour

(Vive la Compagnie)

(Male Voices)

1st Tenor melody

1 Let ev-'ry good fel-low fill up his glass, } Vi-ve la com-pag-nie_ {And
2 Let ev-'ry old mar-ried man drink to his wife, } {The

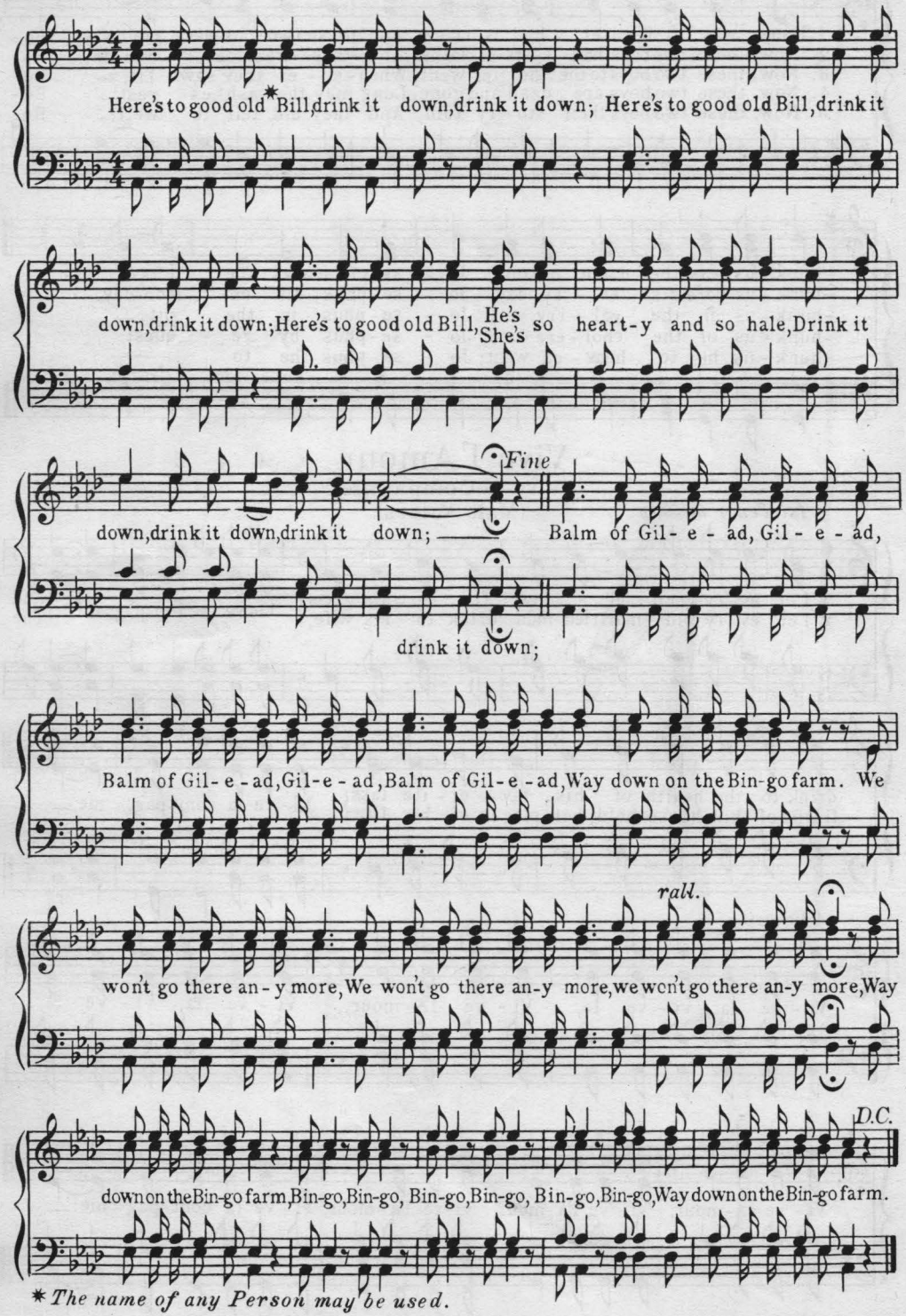
drink to the health of his fav-or-ite lass } Vi-ve la com-pag-nie.—
friend of his house-hold, but plague of his life }

Chorus

Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, Vi-ve l'A-mour, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la,

Vi-ve l'A-mour, vi-ve l'A-mour, vi-ve l'A-mour, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie.—

Bingo
(Male Voices)



* *The name of any Person may be used.*

Crow Song

Solo — Ensemble

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!
2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!

Bil-ly Ma-gee!

Solo — Ensemble

There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!
Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!

Bil-ly Ma-gee!

There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
Said one old crow un-to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?"

And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!

And they all flapped their wings and cried Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar!

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (Standard Service Version) JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

With spirit (♩= 104)

f

O — say! can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the
On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread
O — thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd homes and the

f

twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il-ous fight, O'er the
si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
war's des-o - la-tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the

mf

ram-parts we watched were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bomb
fit-ful-ly blows half con-ceals half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

mf

Chorus (♩ = 96)

f

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there O — say, does that
morn-ing's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream, 'Tis The Star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In — God is our trust!" And The Star-spangled

f

broaden *ff*

Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Ban-ner O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

ff

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

THOMAS A. BECKET

Maestoso

1. O Co-lum-bia, The Gem Of The O-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war winged its wide des-o - la-tion, And threat-ened the land to de-form,
3. The_ star span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The_ shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A_ world of-fers hom - age to thee.
The_ ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co - lum-bia, rode safe_ thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won nev - er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine_ on the brave.

Thy_ man-dates make he-roes as - sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a - round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew;
May the ser-vice, u - nit-ed, ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy_ ban-ners make tyr- an-ny trem-ble When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The_ ar - my and na - vy for- ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Fine

Chorus

D.S.

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy_
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The_

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE — FOLK MELODY

Marcial

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nish'd rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

tramp-ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march-ing on.
read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps. His day is march-ing on.
He - ro, born of wo-man, crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on!"
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

Chorus

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

Dixie Land

DANIEL EMMET

Lively

1. I wish I was in the land of cot-ton, Old times there are not for-got-ten, Look a-
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will "de wea-ber," Wil-lium was a gay de-ceiv-er, Look a-
3. His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver, But dat did not seem to grieve her, Look a-

ff

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In— Dix-ie Land where
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But- when he put his—
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old- Mis-sus act-ed the

I was born in,— Ear-ly— on—one frost-y morn-in' Look a-way! Look a-
arm a-round her He smil'd as fierce as a for-ty poun-der Look a-way! Look a-
fool-ish part, And died for a man that broke her heart Look a-way! Look a-

Refrain

way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Then I wish I was in Dix-ie Hoo-ray! Hoo-
way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll take my stand To live and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-

way, A-way down south in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

The Battle-Cry Of Freedom

(Mixed Voices)

Words and Music by
GEO. F. ROOT

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring-ing to the call of our broth-ers gone be - fore,

Shout-ing The Bat-tle-Cry Of Free-dom; We will ral - ly from the hill- side, we'll
Shout-ing The Bat-tle-Cry Of Free-dom; And we'll fill the va-cant ranks with a

gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing The Bat - tle - Cry Of Free - dom.
mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing The Bat - tle - Cry Of Free - dom.

Chorus
Fortissimo

The Un-ion for-ev-er, Hur-rah! boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the stars; While we

ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral-ly once a-gain, Shout-ing The Bat-tle-Cry Of Free-dom.

We're Tenting To-night

(Male Voices)

Andante

1st Tenor melody

WALTER KITTREDGE

1. We're_ Tent-ing To-night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer, Our
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Think-ing of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground, Man-y are ly-ing near;

wear-y hearts, a song of_ home And_ friends we love so dear.
loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear_ that said, "Good bye."
brave and true who've left their_ homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
Some_ are dead, and some are_ dy-ing, Man-y are in tears.

Chorus

Man-y are the hearts that are wear-y to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;

Man-y are the hearts that are look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.

America

S.F. SMITH — My Country 'Tis Of Thee — HENRY CAREY

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

cresc.

Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Yankee Doodle

Dr. SHACKBURG — UNKNOWN

Spirited

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap-tain Good-in And
2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squire Dav - id; And
3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton Up - on a slap-ping stal-lion A -
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They look'd so ver - y fine, ah! I

there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud-din'.
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
giv - ing or - ders to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion.
want - ed pesk - i - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.

Chorus

Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up,— Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,

Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Solo or Unison — *mp* — Chorus — *mf* — Solo — *mp*

Swing Low, Sweet Char-i-ot,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home! Swing Low, Sweet

mf Chorus — Fine — Solo

Char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home!

1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan and
2. If you get— there be-
3. I'm some-times up and—

Chorus — Solo

what did I see,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home! A
fore— I do,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home! Tell
some-times down, Com-in' for to car-ry me home! But

mf — Chorus — *mp* — *rall.* — D.C. al Fine

band of an-gels com-in' af-ter me, Com-in' for to car-ry me home!
all my friends that I'm— com-in' too, Com-in' for to car-ry me home!
still my soul feels heav-en-ly bound, Com-in' for to car-ry me home!

Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Had

Slowly

AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUAL

mp

No-bod-y Knows The Trou-ble I've Had, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus.

Oh,—

Fine

No-bod-y Knows The Trou-ble I've Had Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!

mf

Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down, Oh, yes, Lord.— Some-
I nev - er shall for - get that day, Oh, yes, Lord.— When

D.C.al

times I'm al - most to the ground Oh, yes, Lord.—
Je - sus washed my sins a - way Oh, yes, Lord.—

Brothers

I

As a band of Broth - ers joined,

II

One in heart and

III

one in mind, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Deep River

AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Lento

mf

Deep — Riv - er my home is o - ver Jor - dan, — Deep —

Deep, deep — Deep, deep

Riv - er, Lord, I want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground. —

p

Deep, deep — Riv - er my home is o - ver Jor - dan — Deep, deep —

Riv - er — Lord, I want to cross o - ver in - to camp — ground. —

The Lord's Prayer

Recitativo

SACRED CHANT

Our Father who art in Heav'n Hallowed be Thy name.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread.
And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil,

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.
And forgive us our tresspasses, As we forgive those who tresspass a-gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, And the power, and the glory for ever and ever A - men.

Heav'n, Heav'n

(All God's Children)

AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Moderato

mf

1. I've got a robe, You've got a robe, All God's chil-dren got a robe;
2. I've got a crown, You've got a crown, All God's chil-dren got a crown;
3. I've got a song, You've got a song, All God's chil-dren got a song,

robe;
crown;
song,

When I get to Heaven goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to shout all o - ver God's Heav'n -
When I get to Heaven goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to shout all o - ver God's Heav'n -
When I get to Heaven goin' to sing a new song, Goin' to sing all o - ver God's Heav'n -

Heav'n — Heav'n — Ev-'ry-bod-y talk - in' 'bout Heav'n ain't go-in' there

rit. *ffa tempo* *ritard.* Fine

Heav'n — Heav'n — Goin' to shout all o - ver God's Heav'n. —

Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow

(Old Hundreth - The Doxology)

LOUIS BOURGEOIS

Praise God, From Whom All Bless-ings Flow; Praise Him, all creat-ures here be- low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

JOSEPH MÖHR

Silent Night

FRANZ GRÜBER

pp

1. Si- lent Night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon Vir-gin Mother and Child!
2. Si- lent Night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glo-ries stream from Heaven a-far,
3. Si- lent Night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Rad-iant beams from Thy ho-ly face,

Ho- ly Infant, so tender and mild Sleep in hea-ven-ly peace, Sleep in hea-ven-ly peace.
Heav'n-ly host sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Sav-ior, is born! Christ, the Sav-ior, is born!
With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je- sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

O, Little Town Of Bethlehem

LEWIS H. REDNER

1. O Lit- tle Town Of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie, A-
2. For Christ is born of Ma- ry; And gath-ered all a- bove, While
3. How si- lent-ly, how si-lent-ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n! So
4. O ho- ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast

bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si- lent stars go by: Yet
mor-tals sleep, the an- gels keep Their watch of wond-'ring love. O
God im-parts to hu- man hearts The bless- ings of His heav'n. No
out our sin, and en- ter in, Be born in us to- day. We

in thy dark streets shin- eth The ev- er- last- ing Light; The
morn-ing stars, to- geth- er Pro- claim the ho- ly birth; And
ear may hear His com- ing But in this world of sin, Where
hear the Christ-mas an- gels The great glad tid- ing tell; O

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to- night.
prais- es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will re- ceive Him, still The dear Christ en- ters in.
come to us, a- bide with us, Our Lord E- man- u- el.

Adeste Fideles

(O Come, All Ye Faithful)

Brightly

JOHN READING

1. O Come, All Ye Faith-ful Joy-ful and tri - um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. Sing choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex-ul - ta - tion, Sing all ye ci - tiz - ens of

A - des - te, Fi - de - les, Lae-ti tri-um-phan-tes, Ve - ni - te, ve-ni - te, in

Beth - le - hem. Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of An-gels: O come, let us a-
heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to God, In the high-est, glo - ry! O come, let us a-

Beth - le - hem. Na - tum vi - de - te, Re-gem an - ge - lo - rum. Ve-ni - te, a-do-

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

re-mus, Ve-ni - te, a-do-re-mus, Ve - ni - te a-do - re - mus Do - mi - num.

Joy To The World

ISAAC WATTS

GEORGE F. HANDEL

Broad

1. Joy To The World! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy To The World! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of his love, And

And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

CHARLES WESLEY

Come, Thou Almighty King

FELICE GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness

sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous,
sword, Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy peo - ple bless,
bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al - might - y art,

O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

Abide With Me

HENRY F. LYTE

WILLIAM H. MONK

1. A-bide With Me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy

deep - ens Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, A - bide With Me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, A - bide With Me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, A - bide With Me!

Rock Of Ages

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Rock Of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock Of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN — JOHN B. DYKES

mf

1. Lead, kind - ly Light a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still — Will lead me on O'er moor and

p — *cresc.*

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! — Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now — Lead Thou me on! — I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till — The night is gone, — And with the morn those

do not ask to see — The dis - tant scene, one step e - nough for me. —
day, and, spite of fears, — Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not — past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile — Which I have loved long since, and lost — a - while. —

Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD — SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN

1. On-ward, Chris-tian Sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus
2. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
3. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or Un-to Christ the King.

Chorus

For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go!
We have Christ's own pro-mise, And that can-not fail. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers!
This thro' count-less a-ges Men and ang-els sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON

Slowly

1. Near-er, My God, To Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me
4. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D.S. Near-er, My God, To Thee,

Fine

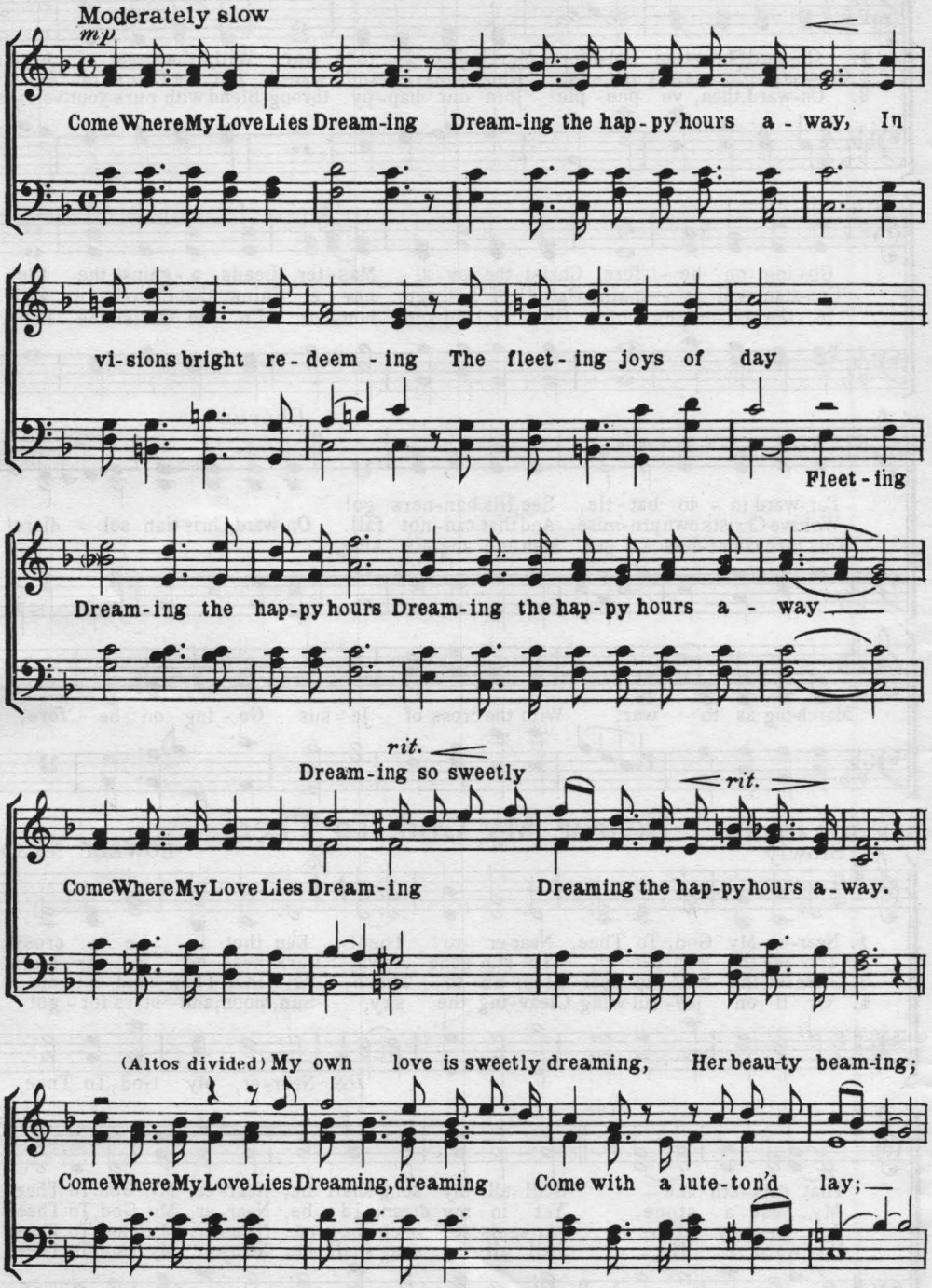
That rais-eth me— Still all my song shall be, Near-er, My God, To Thee,
My-rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, My God, To Thee,
In-mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, My God, To Thee,
Up-ward I fly,— Still all my song shall be, Near-er, My God, To Thee,

D.S.

Near-er to Thee.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



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My own love is sweetly

rit.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, dreaming, Dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way.

p

Come with a lute, Come with a lay, My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing her beau-ty

(*rall.*)

dream - ing sweet - ly

beam - ing (beam-ing) Come Where My Love Lies Dream - ing

a tempo *rit.* to Coda *p*

dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way. Soft is her slum-ber Thoughts bright and pure

Dance thru her dreams like gush-ing mel-o-dy, Light is her young heart, Light may it be;

D.S. al Coda CODA

rall. Slower *pp* *rall.* *f* *dim.*

Come Where My Love Lies Dream - ing Dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way.

The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH — E. KAILLMARK

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved

Chorus: The Old Oak-en Buck-et the i-ron bound buck-et, The moss cov-ered

Fine

lec-tion pre-sents them to view! The wide spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in-fan-cy knew:

buck-et that hung in the well.

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my

fa-ther, the dai-ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.

Comin' 'Thro' The Rye

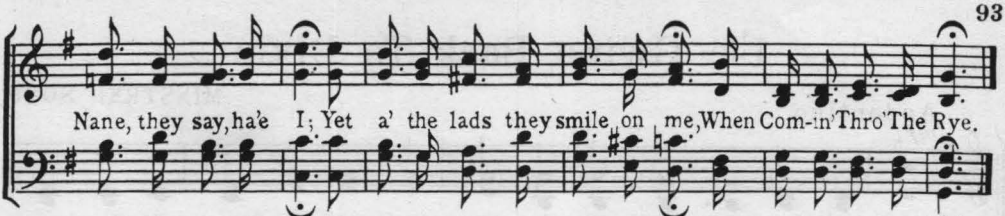
FOLK SONG

Moderately

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' Thro' The Rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. A-mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel, But what's his name, or

Chorus

kiss a bod-y need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y need a bod-y frown? Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.



When You And I Were Young, Maggie

GEORGE W. JOHNSON — J. A. BUTTERFIELD

Moderately

mf

I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be-low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Mag-gie, Where we sat in the long, long a-go.

They say I am fee-ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than then; My face is a well-writ-ten page, Mag-gie, But time a-lone was the pen.

The green grove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai-sies sprung;

They say we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, As spray by the white breakers flung,

D.S. And now we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, The tri-als of life near-ly done,

The old rust-y mill is still, Mag-gie. Since you and I were young.

But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

D.S.

Lovely Evening

(Round)

1 2 3

Oh, how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning, When the bells are sweet-ly ring-ing, sweet-ly ring-ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

I'se Gwine Back To Dixie

MINSTREL SONG

Andantino

mf

1. I'se Gwine— Back To Dix - ie, No more, I'se gwine to wan - der, My
2. I've hoed in fields of cot - ton, I've work'd up - on de riv - er, I
3. I'm trav-'ling back to Dix - ie, My step is slow and fee - ble, I

heart's turned back to Dix - ie,— I can't stay here no long - er, I
used to think if I got off, I'd go back there, no nev - er, But
pray the Lord to help me,— And lead me from all e - vil, An'

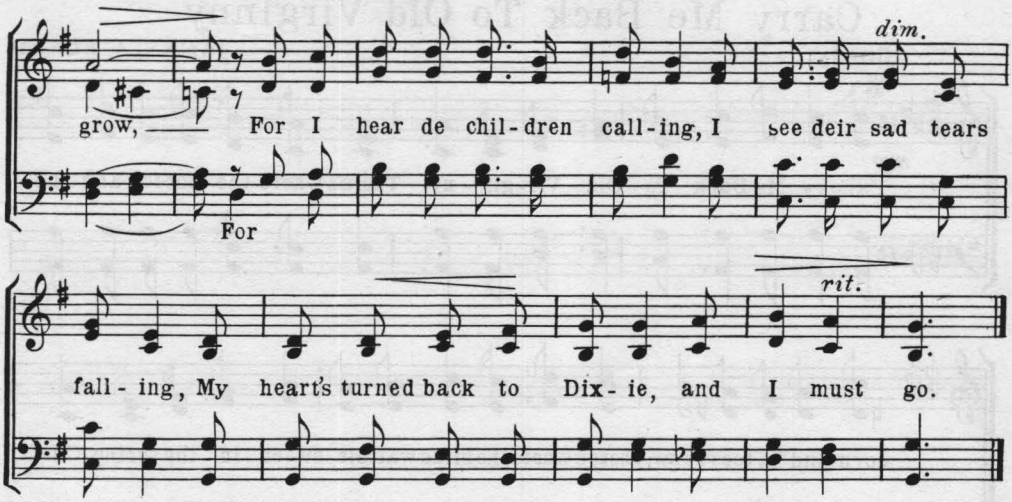
miss de old plan - ta - tion, My friends and my re - la - tion, My
time has chang'd de ole man, His head is bend - ing low,— His
should my strength for - sake me, Den, kind friends come and take me, My

rit.

Refrain

heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go. I'se Gwine Back To

Dix - ie, I'se Gwine Back To Dix - ie, I'se gwine where de or - ange blos - soms



Oh! Dem Golden Slippers

(Refrain)
Lively

J. A. BLAND

Oh! Dem Gold-en Slip-pers! Oh! Dem Gold-en Slip-pers!

Gold-en slip-pers I'm gon-na wear be-cause dey look so neat.

Oh! Dem Gold-en Slip-pers! Oh! Dem Gold-en Slip-pers!

Gold-en slip-pers I'm gon-na wear, to walk de gold-en street.

Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

Slowly

JAMES A. BLAND

mp

Car-ry Me Back To Old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the

corn and 'ta-toes grow, There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time,

rit.

Fine

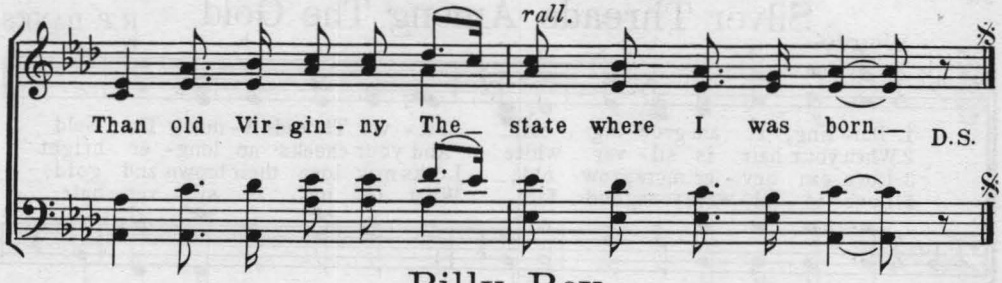
There's where the old dar-key's heart am longed to go.—

Fine

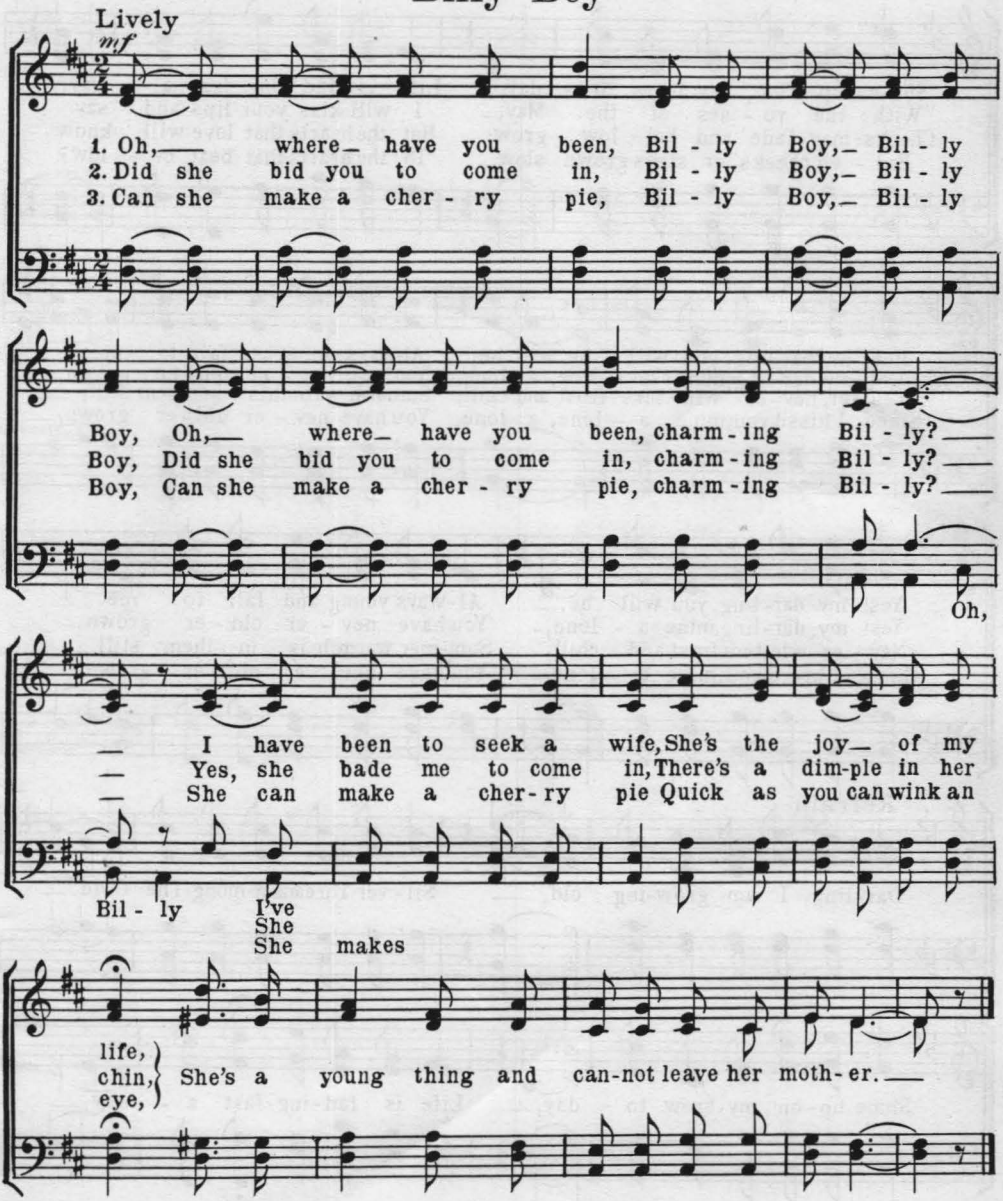
mf

There's where I la-bored so— hard for old Mas-sa, Day af-ter day in the

field of yel-low corn, No place on earth do I love more sin-cere-ly


rall.
Than old Vir-gin-ny The state where I was born.
D.S.

Billy Boy


Lively
mf
1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly
3. Can she make a cher-ry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly
Boy, Oh, where have you been, charm-ing Bil-ly?
Boy, Did she bid you to come in, charm-ing Bil-ly?
Boy, Can she make a cher-ry pie, charm-ing Bil-ly?
Oh,
I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my
Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dim-ple in her
She can make a cher-ry pie Quick as you can wink an
Bil-ly I've
She
She makes
life,
chin,
eye,
She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.

Silver Threads Among The Gold

H.P. DANKS

Slowly

1. Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old; Sil-ver Threads A-mong The Gold
2. When your hair is sil-ver white. And your cheeks no long-er bright
3. Love can nev-er more grow old; Locks may lose their brown and gold,
4. Love is al-ways young and fair. What to us is sil-ver hair,

Shine up-on my brow to-day; Life is fad-ing fast a-way;
With the ro-ses of the May, I will kiss your lips and say:
Cheeks may fade and hol-low grow; But the hearts that love will know
Fad-ed cheeks or steps grown slow, To the hearts that beat be-low?

But, my dar-ling, you will be, will be, Al-ways young and fair to me,
Oh! my dar-ling, mine a-lone, a-lone, You have nev-er old-er grown,
Nev-er, nev-er win-ter's frost and chill; Sum-mer warmth is in them still,
Since I kiss'd you, mine a-lone, a-lone, You have nev-er old-er grown,

Yes! my dar-ling, you will be, Al-ways young and fair to me.
Yes! my dar-ling, mine a-lone, You have nev-er old-er grown.
Nev-er win-ter's frost and chill, Sum-mer warmth is in them still.
Since I kiss'd you, mine a-lone, You have nev-er old-er grown.

Refrain

Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old, Sil-ver Threads A-mong The Gold.

Shine up-on my brow to-day, Life is fad-ing fast a-way.

Mary

Moderate (*with expression*)

T. RICHARDSON

mp

Kind, kind and gen-tle is she, Kind is my Ma - ry, The

ten-der blos-som on the tree Can-not com-pare wi' Ma - ry.

1. Her brow is fair as win-ter's snow, Her cheeks with mod-est ro - ses blow, And
2. Oh see you proud and haugh-ty lass, Her head with pride and fol - ly tossed Ne'er
3. But see ye one o' mod-est air, Be-deck'd wi' beau-ty soft and rare, That

rit.

dove like glan-ces sweet-ly flow Frae oot the e'en of Ma - ry,
look on her, but let her pass, Be sure it is not Ma - ry, } Sae
mak's your heart feel sweet-ly sair, O weel ye ken my Ma - ry,

kind, kind and gen-tle is she, Kind is my Ma - ry, The

ten-der blos-som on the tree Can-not com-pare wi' Ma - ry.

Come Back To Erin

(Mixed Voices)

MRS. C. BERNARD (Claribel)

Moderato

mp

1. Come Back To E - rin, Ma - vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the

mp

land of thy birth,_ Come with the sham-rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour-neen,
bore thee a - way,_ Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum-mer morn - in',
land far a - way,_ And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in',

And it's Kil-lar-ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng-land,
Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came be-tween us,
Care of my jew-el by night and by day. When by the fire-side I watch the bright em-bers,

Lit-tle we tho't of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we tho't of the
Like a grey cur-tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the
Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee, Crav - in' to know if my

hush of the star - shine, O - ver the moun-tain, the bluffs and the brays! Then
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Col - leen had flown. Then
dar - lin' re - mem-bers, Or if her tho'ts may be cross - in' to me. Then

Animato

Come Back To E-rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a-gain to the land of thy birth,—

cresc. *molto cresc.* *rall.* *f*

Come Back To E-rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil-lar-ney shall ring with our mirth.

Wait For The Wagon

R. B. BUCKLEY

Swingy

1. Will you come with me, my Phyl-lis dear, To yon blue moun-tain free? Where
ev-'ry Sun-day morn-ing, dear, When I am by your side, We'll
2. Where the riv-er runs like 'sil-ver, And the birds they sing so sweet, I
lis-ten to my stor-y, now, It will re-lieve my heart, So

1. 2.

blos-soms smell the sweet-est, Come rove a-long with me. It's
jump in-to the wag-on, And all— take a ride.
have a cab-in, Phyl-lis, And something good to eat. Come,
jump in-to the wag-on, And off— we will start.

Chorus

Wait For The Wagon, Wait For The Wag-on, Wait For The Wagon, And we'll all take a ride.

I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen

Words and Music by
THOMAS P. WESTENDORF

Slow, with expression

mp

1. I'll Take You Home A-gain, Kath-leen, dear Kath-leen. A-cross the o-cean wild and
2. I know you love me, Kath-leen, dear, Kath-leen dear, Your heart was ev-er fond and

been

wide, To where your heart has ev-er been, ev-er been, Since first you were my bon-nie
true; I al-ways feel when you are near, you are near, That life holds noth-ing dear, but

bride, bon-nie bride. The ro-ses all have left your cheek, have left your cheek I've
you, dear, but you. The smiles that once you gave to me, you gave to me, I

watched them fade a-way and die; — Your voice is sad when e'er you speak, And
scarce-ly ev-er see them now; — Tho' man-y man-y times I see, — A

Chorus

tears be-dim your lov-ing eyes. —
dark-'ning shad-ow on your brow. —
Oh! I will take you back a-

gain, back a-gain, To where your heart will feel no pain, And when the fields are fresh and

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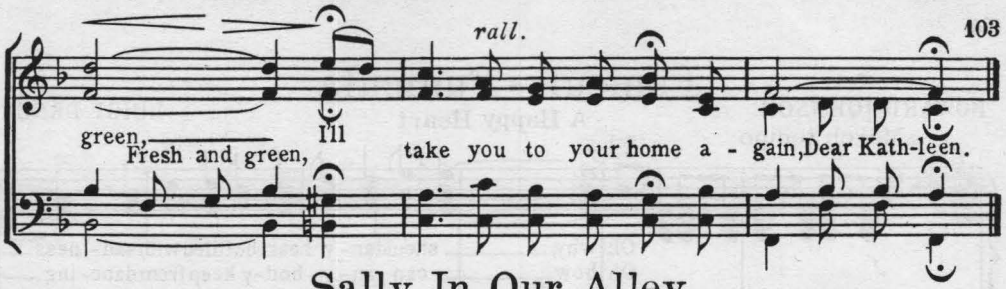
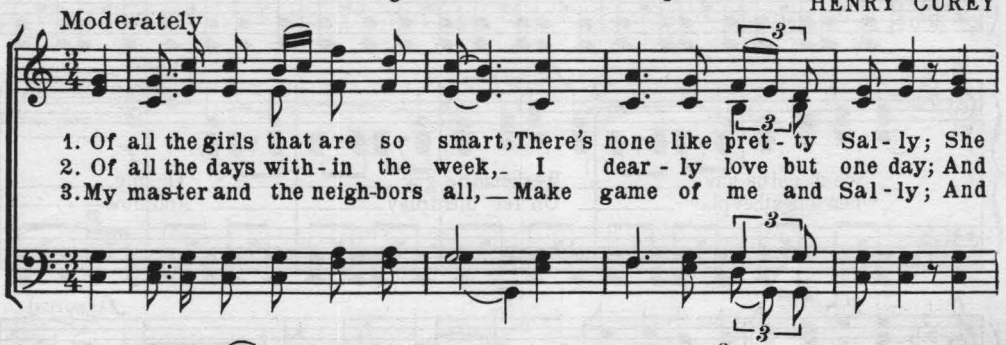
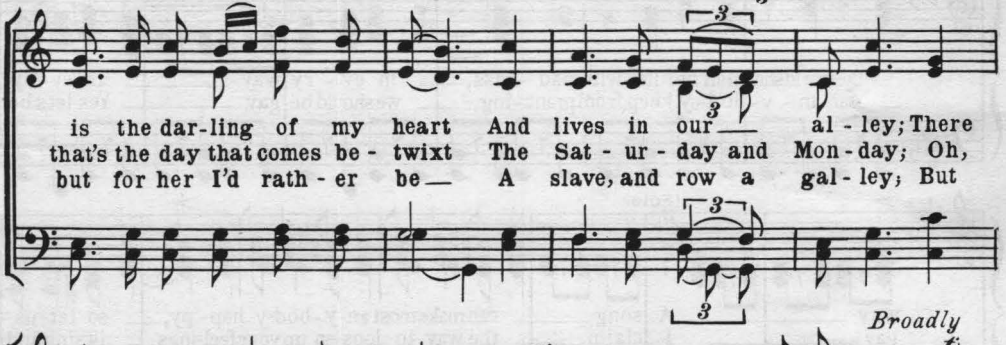
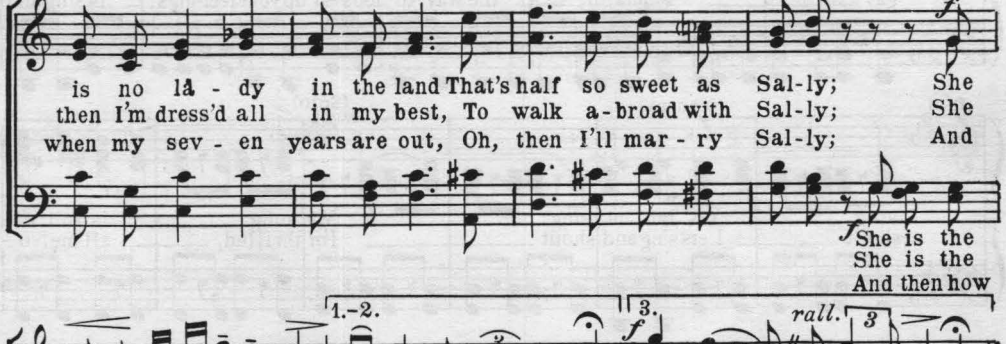


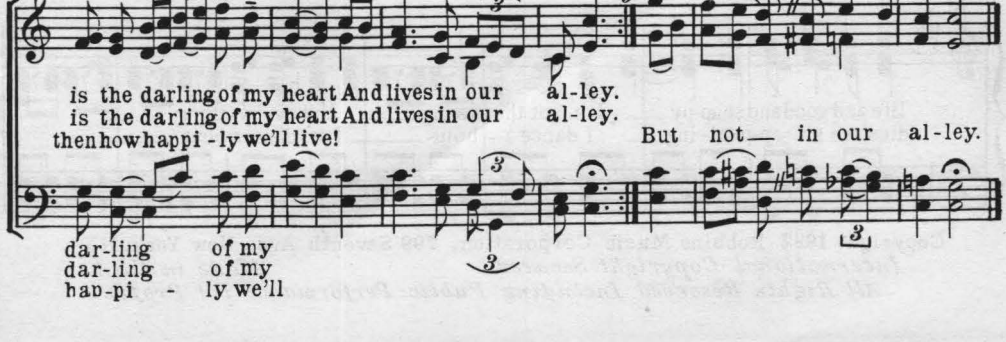
Sally In Our Alley

HENRY CUREY









Funiculi - Funiculà

HOWARD JOHNSON — A Happy Heart — LUIGI DENZA

March tempo

(Solo) f p

Oh why, should an-y heart be filled with sad-ness
Oh how can an-y-bod-y keep from danc-ing

f p

f Chorus (Solo) f

we should be gay We should be gay Oh my,
when songs they play Oh let them play And how

p

p f (Chorus)

the world should all be filled with glad-ness, in ev-'ry way In ev-'ry
can an-y-bod-y keep from pranc-ing, we should be gay Yes let's be

(Solo) p

way A song can make most an-y-bod-y hap-py, so let us
gay I claim, the way to loos-en up your feel-ings, is sing and

(Chorus) f (Solo) mp

sing Yes let us sing My song is full of
shout Let's sing and shout I'm thrilled, all mel-o-

f

life and good and snap-py It's got the swing And ev-'ry-thing.
dies are so ap-peal-ing I dance a-bout Let's dance a-bout.

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Chorus (*March tempo*)

f

Join' the chor-us, now's the time to start— Sing the chor-us

p cresc. *ten.* *f*

with a hap-py heart Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, do your lit-tle part

ten.

f

1. 2.

Let the ech-o ring and sing it with A Hap-py Heart. with A Hap-py Heart.

sfz

How Can I Leave Thee

Moderately

THURINGIAN FOLKSONG

1. How Can I Leave Thee! How can I from thee part! Thou, on-ly,
2. Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up-
3. Would I a bird were, Soon at thy side to be! Fal-con nor

hath my heart, Dear one be-lieve. Thou hath this soul of mine, So close-ly
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow-'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. When by the fow-ler slain, I at thy

bound to thine, No oth-er can I love, Save thee a-lone!
us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear one be-lieve.
feet should lie, Thou sad-ly shouldst com-plain, Joy-ful I'd die!

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS — OLD SCOTCH AIR

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of Auld Lang Syne?
2. We twa ha'e ran a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We're wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot Sin Auld Lang Syne.
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin Auld Lang Syne. For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, For Auld Lang Syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For Auld Lang Syne.
4. And here's a hand my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For Auld Lang Syne.

Bring Back My Bonnie

Slowly

mf

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea; My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, Oh! Bring Back My Bon-nie
2. Oh! blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea; Oh! blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And Bring Back My Bon-nie
3. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my bed; Last night as I lay on my pil-low, I dream'd that my Bon-nie
4. The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, The winds have blown o-ver the sea; The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, And brought back my Bon-nie

Refrain

p *cresc.*

Bon-nie to me.—
Bon-nie to me.—
Bon-nie was dead.— Bring back, bring back, Bring Back My Bon-nie to
Bon-nie to me.—

p *f*

me, to me, Bring back, bring back, Oh! Bring Back My Bon-nie to me.—

The Quilting Party

Andante

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered,— On the bank the pale moon shone;
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed,—Rest-ed light as o-cean foam;

Fine

And 'twas from Aunt Din-ah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

D.S. And 'twas from Aunt Din-ah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

D.S.

I was see-ing Nel-lie home,— I was see-ing Nel-lie home;

There Is Joy In Ev'ry Day

Gaily

mf

1. There Is Joy In Ev-'ry Day, In our work and in our play.
2. If we al-ways do our best Ev-'ry night will bring sweet rest.

Darling Nelly Gray

(Mixed Voices)

B. R. HANBY

1. There's a low_ green_ val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've whiled man-y hap-py hours a-way, A_ sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door Where_ lived my_ Darl-ing Nel-ly Gray.

2. When the moon had climb'd the moun-tain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd take my_ Darl-ing Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float_ down the riv-er in my lit-tle red ca-noe, While my ban-jo_ sweet-ly I would play.

Chorus

O my poor_ Nel-ly Gray, they have tak-en you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my darl-ing an-y more; I'm sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm weep-ing all the day! For you're gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

Merry Widow Waltz

(Love Remained)

SIDNEY D. MITCHEL — FRANZ LEHAR

Waltz time

mf

Lov - ers oft - en hum this soft and sweet re - frain, E - ven af - ter youth and laugh - ter cease to reign

It re - calls a night When hearts were un - re - strained With the dawn that night was gone but Love Re - mained.

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The Low-Backed Car

SAMUEL LOVER

OLD IRISH AIR

Brightly

mf

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A_ low back'd car she drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the bloom-ing girl I sing, As she sat in The Low Back'd Car;_ The man at the turn-pike bar_ Nev-er askd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter The Low Back'd Car._

2. In bat-tle's wild com- mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With_ hos-tile scythes, de- mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peg- gy peace-ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the mar-ket town As right and left they fly, While she sits in her low back'd car;_ Than bat-tles more dan-gerous far_ For the doc - tor's art Can-not cure_ the heart, That is hit from The Low Back'd Car._

3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she slaugh - ters By far out-num-ber these, While she a-mong her poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle dove, Well worth the cage, I_ do en-gage Of the bloom-ing God of Love! While she sits in her low back'd car;_ The lov-ers come near and far_ And_ en - vy the chick-en That Peg-gy is pickin', As she sits in The Low Back'd Car._

rall. *a tempo* *rall.*

Home On The Range

(Mixed Voices)

1. Oh— give me a home Where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the
2. Oh— give me a land Where the bright dia-mond sand Flows—
3. Where the air is so pure, The— zeph - yrs so free, The—
4. How— of - ten at night When the heav - ens are bright With the

deer and the an - te - lope play,— Where— sel - dom is heard A dis-
leis - ure - ly down— the stream;— Where the grace-ful, white swan Goes
breez - es so balm-y and bright,— That I would not ex - change My—
light of the glit-ter-ing stars,— Have I stood there a - mazed And—

-cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not clou-dy all day.—
glid - ing a - long Like a maid in a heav-en - ly dream.—
Home On The Range For— all of the cit - ies so bright.—
asked as I gazed If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours.—

Refrain

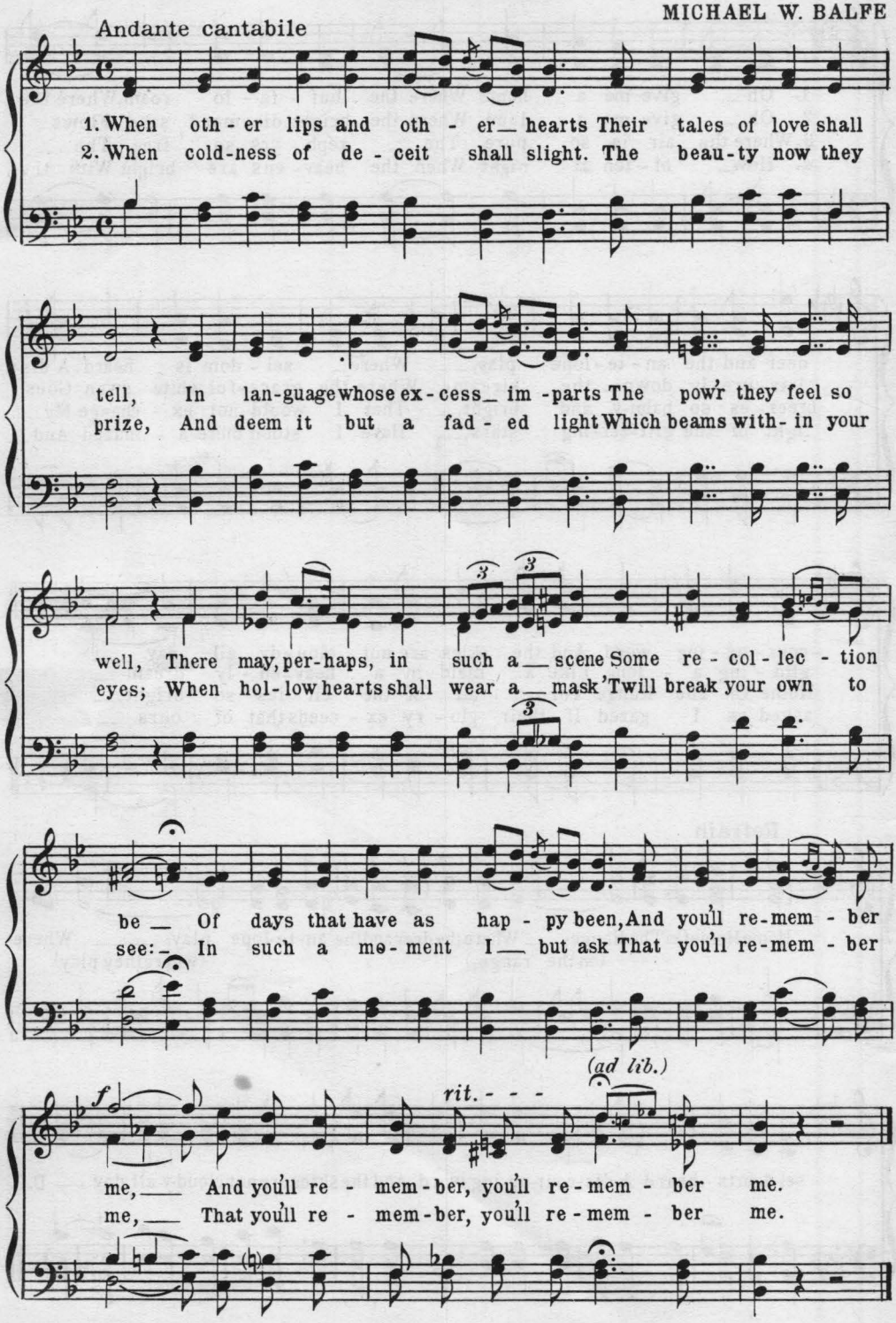
Home, Home On The Range;— Where the deer and the an-te-lope play;— Where
(on the range;) (where they play)

sel-dom is heard A dis-cour-ag-ing word, And the skies are not cloud-y all day— D.C.

Then You'll Remember Me

(Mixed Voices)

Words and Music by
MICHAEL W. BALFE



Last Night

HALFDAN KJERULF

Slowly with expression

p

1. Last Night the night-in - gale woke me, Last Night when all was still, It sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so gen - -tly, I look'd on the dream - ing dew, And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
2. I think of you in the day time, I dream of you by night, I wake and would you were here, love, And tears are blind - ing my sight. I hear a low breath in the lime - -tree, The wind is float - ing through, And oh! the night, my dar-ling, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
3. Oh, think not I can for - get you, I could not tho' I would, I see you in all a - round me, The stream the night, the wood, The flow - ers that slum - ber so gen - -tly, The stars a - bove the blue; Oh! heav'n it - self, my dar-ling, Is pray - ing, pray - ing for you, for you.

f

rit.

p

Oh! Susanna

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Brightly

f

I — came from Al - a - bam - a wid my ban - jo on my
I — had a dream the oth - er night, when ev - 'ry - thing was

knee, I'm - g'wan to Lou - si - an - a My — true love for to
still I — thought I saw Su - san - na, A - com - in' down the

see, It rained all night the day I left, The weath - er it was
hill, The buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, The tear was in her

dry, The sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na don't you cry.
eye; Say I, I'm com-ing from the South, Su - san - na don't you cry.

Chorus

f

Oh! Su - san - na Oh! don't you cry for me, I've —

come from Al - a - bam - a wid my ban - jo on my knee. —

De Camptown Races

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Well accented

1. De Camp-town la - dies sing dis song, De
2. De long tail'd fil-ly an' de big black hoss, Doo-dah, doo-dah! Dey
3. Old mul-ey cow come on-to de track, De

Camptown race track nine miles long, I came down dar wid my
fly de track an' dey both cut 'cross, Oh, doo-dah-day. De blind hoss stick in a
bob-tail flung her o-ver his back, Den fly a-long like a

hat caved in, Go back home wid a lot of tin,
big mud hole, Doo-dah, doo-dah! Can't touch bot-tom wid a ten foot pole,
rail-road car, Run-nin' a race wid a shoot-in' star,

Oh, doo-dah-day! Gwine to run all night, Gwine to run all day. I'll

bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag; Some bod-y bet on de bay.

Slowly

Taps

Fad-ing light dims the sight, And a star gems the sky gleaming bright, From a-far drawing nigh Falls the night.

The Last Rose Of Summer

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH AIR

1. 'Tis The Last Rose Of Sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow-er of her kin-dred
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I — scat-ter
3. So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de - cay, And from love's shin-ing cir-cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with-ered

rit.

No rose-bud is nigh, — To re-flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
Thy leaves o'er the bed — Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.
And fond ones have flown, — Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a - lone.

The Lonesome Road

Slowly

p

Look down, look down, that lone-some road. Hang down your head and

sigh, — The best of friends must part some-day, And why — not

you — and I, — And why — not you — and I. — (and I.)

(and I —)

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS

J. E. SPILMAN

Without dragging

1. Flow Gen-tly, Sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a— sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow Gen-tly, Sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream, Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the hill, Ye— wild whist-ling black-birds in yon—thorn-y— dell, Thou green-crest-ed— lap-wing, thy scream-ing for-bear. I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.

2. How loft-y sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills; Far marked with the cours-es of clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I— wan-der as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy— banks and green val-leys be-low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es— blow, There oft as mild eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.

3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy— wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As gath-'ring sweet flow-'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow Gen-tly, Sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes, Flow— Gen-tly, Sweet riv-er, the theme of my— lays; My Ma-ry's a— sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow Gen-tly, Sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Ever Of Thee

(Mixed Voices)

G. LINLEY

FOLEY HALL

Moderato

1. Ev-er Of Thee I'm fond-ly dream-ing Thy gen-tle voice my spir-it can cheer;
2. Ev-er Of Thee when sad_and lone-ly, Wan-d'ring a-far my soul joy'd to dwell;

Thou art the star that, mild-ly beam-ing, Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear;
Ah! then I felt I loved thee on-ly, All seemed to fade be-fore af-fec-tion's spell;

Still in my heart thy form I_ cher-ish, Ev-'ry kind tho't like a bird flies to thee. Ah!
Years have not chill'd the love I_ cher-ish, True as the stars hath my heart been to thee. Ah!

nev-er till life and mem-'ry_ per-ish, Can I for-get how

dear thou art to me: Morn, noon, and night, where-'er I may be,

rit.

Fond-ly I'm dream-ing_ Ev-er Of Thee, Fond-ly I'm dream-ing Ev-er Of Thee.

Beautiful Dreamer

Moderato (Mixed Voices) STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Beau-ti-ful Dream-er, wake un-to me, Star-light and dew-drop are wait-ing for Thee, Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moon-light have all pass'd a-way! Beau-ti-ful Dream-er, queen of my song. List while I woo Thee, with soft mel-o-dy; (Oh!) song, of my song.
2. Beau-ti-ful Dream-er, out on the sea, Mer-maids are chant-ing the wild lo-re-lei, O-ver the stream-let va-pors are borne, Wait-ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn. Beau-ti-ful Dream-er, beam on my heart. E'en as the moon on the stream-let and sea; heart, on my heart.

thee, wait-ing for Thee, -lei, wild lo-re-lei,

Beau-ti-ful Dream-er, queen of my
Beau-ti-ful Dream-er, beam on my

rit.

mf *a tempo*

Gone are the cares of life's bu-sy throng, Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful Dream-er a-wake un-to me!

rall. *dim.*

Beau-ti-ful Dream-er a-wake un-to me. un-to me.

In Old Madrid

CLIFTON BINGHAM
H. TROTERE

Tempo di Bolero

mp

Long years a - go In Old Ma-drid, Where soft-ly

sighs of love the light gui-tar, Two spark-ling eyes a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as

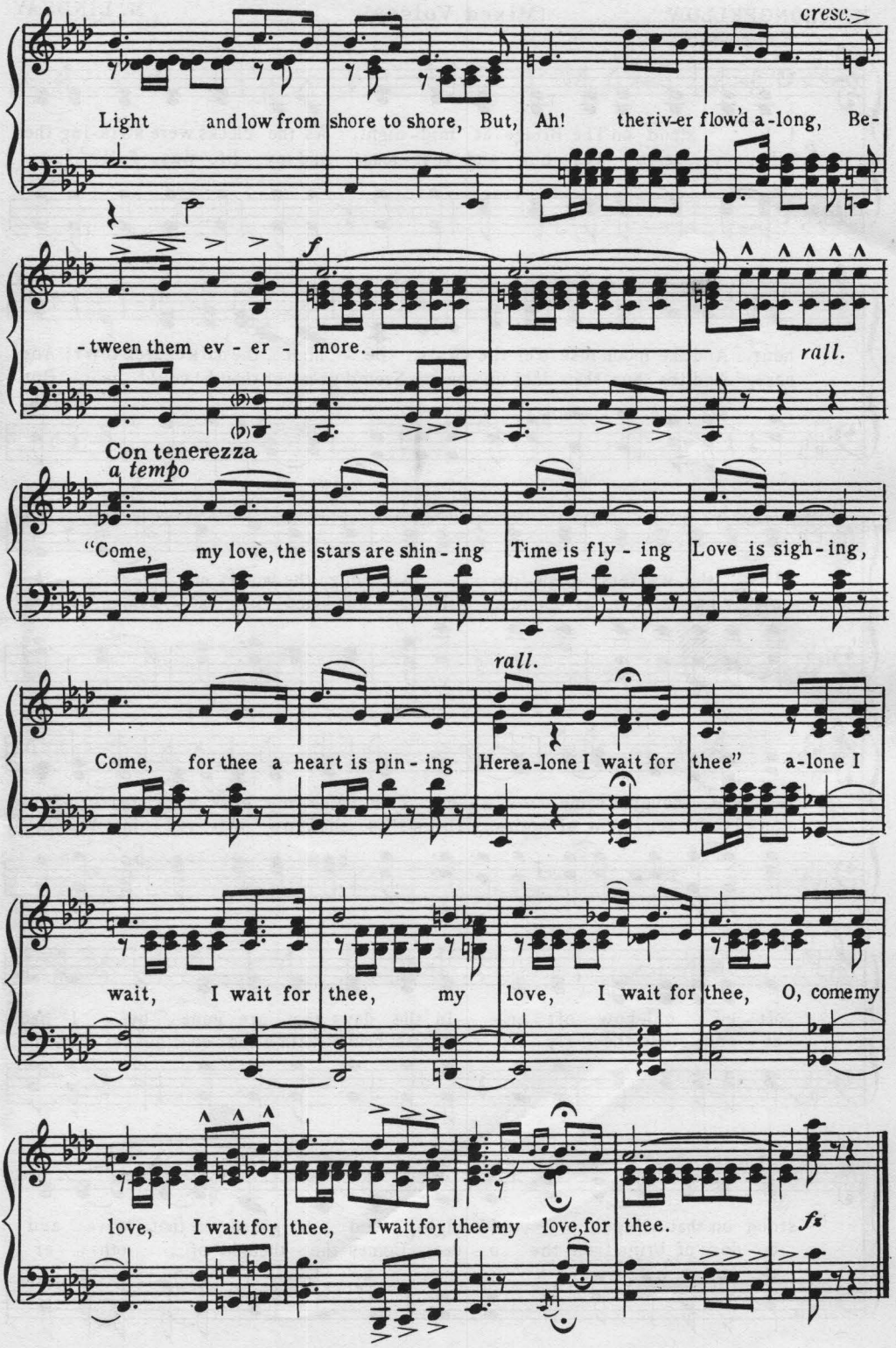
dark-ly bright as love's own star! There on the case-ment ledge when day was o'er, A

rall.

ti- ny hand was light-ly laid; A face look'd out as from the riv - er shore There

a tempo

stole a ten-der ser-e - nade! Rung the lov - er's hap - py song,


cresc.
Light and low from shore to shore, But, Ah! the riv-er flow'd a-long, Be-
f
-tween them ev - er - more.
rall.
Con tenerezza
a tempo
"Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing Time is fly - ing Love is sigh-ing,
rall.
Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing Here a-lone I wait for thee" a-lone I
wait, I wait for thee, my love, I wait for thee, O, come my
love, I wait for thee, I wait for thee my love, for thee.
fz

The Bridge

(Mixed Voices)

H.W. LONGFELLOW — M. LINDSAY

Expression

p

1. I — stood on The Bridge at mid-night, As the clocks were strik-ing the hour, And the moon rose o'er the cit-y, Be-hind — the dark church tow'r; And like — the wa-ters rush-ing — A-mong the wood-en piers, — A flood of — thoughts came o'er — me, That filled my eyes with tears. — How oft-en, — oh! how oft-en, In the days that are gone by, I had stood on that bridge — at mid-night, And — gazed on that wave — and

2. For my heart — was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of — care, And the bur-then laid up-on me, Seem'd great-er than I could bear. But now it has fall-en from me, It is bur-ied in the sea, — And on-ly the sor-row of oth-ers, Throws its shad-ow o-ver me; Yet when-ev-er I cross the riv-er, On its bridge with wood-en piers, Like the o-dor of brine from the o-cean, Comes the thought of — oth-er

The Bridge *Cont'd.*

mf

sky! How— oft-en, oh! how oft-en, In the days that had gone by, I had
years, And for-ev-er and for-ev-er, As— long as the riv-er flows, As—

p

stood on that bridge at mid-night, And gazed on that wave and— sky! How
long as the heart has pas-sion, As long— as life has— woes, The

oft-en— oh!— how oft-en, I had wished that the ebb-ing tide Would—
moon and its bro-ken re-flec-tion, And its shad ows— shall ap-pear As the

dim. *rit.*

bear me a-way on its bo-som, O'er the o-cean wild and wide!
sym-bol of love— in Heav-en, And its wav-er-ing im-age here.

Allegretto

Out The Window He Must Go

f

Out The Win-dow He Must Go, he must go, he must go,

Out The Win-dow He Must Go one two three.

Nancy Lee

(Mixed Voices)

STEPHEN ADAMS

Spirited

1. Of all_ the wives as e'er you know, ____ Yeo - ho!_ lads, ho! Yeo -
2. The har- bor's past, the breez-es blow, ____ Yeo - ho!_ lads, ho! Yeo -

-ho!_ yeo - ho!_ There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow, ____ Yeo - ho! lads,
-ho!_ yeo - ho!_ 'Tis long ere we come back, I know, ____ Yeo - ho! lads,

ho! yeo - ho! ____ See there she stands and waves her hands, up - on_ the
ho! yeo - ho! ____ But true and bright from morn till night, my home will

yeo - ho!

quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a-way, She'll watch for_ me, An' whisper low, when
be,_ An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet, For Jack at_ sea, An' Nancy's face to

tem-pests blow, for Jack at sea, Yeo - ho!_ lads, ho! yeo - ho! ____
bless the place, an' wel - come me, Yeo - ho!_ lads, ho! yeo - ho! ____

ye lads yeo -

Chorus

The sail-or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, yeo-ho! we go a-cross the -ho

sea, The sail-or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

Good-Bye

(Mixed Voices)

J.C. ENGELBRECHT

1. Fare-well, fare-well is a lone-ly sound And al-ways brings a sigh, But
2. Fare-well, fare-well may do for the gay, When pleas-ure's throng is nigh, But

give to me when loved ones part, That sweet old — word, "Good-bye," That
give to me that bet-ter word, That comes from the heart, "Good-bye," That

sweet old — word, "Good-bye," That sweet old — word, "Good-bye," But
comes from the heart, "Good-bye," That comes from the heart, "Good-bye," But

give to me, when loved ones part, That sweet old — word, "Good-bye."
give to me, that bet-ter word, That comes from the heart, "Good-bye."

The Midshipmite

(Male Voices)

FRED. E. WEATHERLY — STEPHEN ADAMS

p

1. 'Twas in fif-ty-five, on a win-ter's night, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roo-shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho!
2. We launch'd the cut-ter and shoved her out, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub-bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid-dy cried, "Now my lads put a-bout!" Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! We mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! So we
3. "I'm done for now; good-bye!" says he, Stead-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, ne'er "Who'll go a-shore to-night," says he, "An' spike their guns a-long wi' me?" "Why made for the guns and we ramm'd them tight, But the mus-ket shots came left and right, An' hoist-ed him in, in a ter-rible plight, An' we pulled, ev-'ry man with all his might, An' bless-'ee, sir, come a long!" says we. Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo down drops the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo

rall. *a tempo* long pull, strong pull, ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai-ly, boys make her long pull, strong pull, *rall.* *a tempo* *f* go! An' we'll sing to-night To The Mid-ship-mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo ho!

Captain Jinks

Lively

f

1. I'm_ Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma - rines; I feed my horse on
2. I__ joined my corps when twen - ty - one, Of course I thought it
Cho. I'm_ Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma - rines; I feed my horse on

f

corn and beans, I sport young lad - ies in their teens, Tho' a
cap - i - tal fun, When the en - e - my came, Then off I'd run, For I
corn and beans, I oft - en live be - yond my means, Tho' a

cap - tain in__ the ar - my. I teach young lad - ies
was - n't cut out for the ar my. When I left home, Ma -
cap - tain in__ the ar - my.

Fine

Fine

how to dance,__ How to dance,__ How to dance, I
ma she cried, Ma - ma, she cried, Ma - ma she cried, When

D.S.

teach young lad - ies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar - my.
I left home, Ma - ma she cried, He ain't cut out for the ar - my.

A Capital Ship

Male Voices

CHARLES E. CARRYL

Well marked

Solo or unison

1. A Cap-i-tal Ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win - dow
2. The bo'-swan's mate was ve-ry se-date, Yet fond of a-muse-ment,
3. The Cap -tain sat on the Com-mo-dore's hat, And dined in a roy - al

Blind! No wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or
too; He played hop-scotch with the star - board watch, While the
way, Off toast - ed pigs and pick-les and figs And

trou-bled the Cap - tain's mind; The man at the wheel was
Cap - tain he tick-led the crew! And the gun-ner we had was ap-
gun-ne-ry bread each day. And the cook was Dutch, and be-

made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow,
par-ent-ly mad, For he sat on the aft - er rai - ai - ail,
haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew,

Tho' it
And
Was a

H'm

been in his bunk be - low.
teeth of the boom - ing gale!
up with su-gar and glue.

H'm

oft- en ap-peared, When the gale had cleared, That he'd
fired sa-lutes with the Cap-tain's boots, In the
num-ber of tons of hot cross buns Served

Chorus

f

Then blow, ye winds, heigh - o! A - rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on

f

rit. *Solo or unison*

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play - ay - ay! I'm off on the morn - ing

(*mel.*)

train I'll cross the rag - ing main! I'm off to my love With a

1.-2. *Last time Slower*

D.C.

box-ing glove, Ten thou-sand miles a - way! thou - sand miles a - way!

D.C.

The Bell

Key of D

I

The Bell doth toll, its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full

II

well; I love its ring - ing, for it calls to sing - ing With its

III

bim, bim, bim, bome, bell. Bome, bome, bome; bim, bome, bell.

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

EMMA WILLARD — JOSEPH P. KNIGHT

mp

1. Rocked In The Cra - dle Of The Deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se-
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine, Or

cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
though the tem-pest's fier - y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death, In

know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And
o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor-tal - i - ty;

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked In The Cra-dle Of The Deep; And calm and peaceful is my

1. D.C. 2. *rall.* *lento*

sleep, Rocked In The Cra-dle Of The Deep. Rocked In The Cra - dle Of The Deep.

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep.

Over The Summer Sea

Brightly — G. VERDI

mf

1. O - ver The Sum - mer Sea, With light hearts gay and free,
2. List, to my roun - de - lay As we glide on our way;

Join'd by glad min - strel- sy, Gai - ly we're roam - ing; Swift flows the
Ne'er will my love de - cay, Ne'er will I leave thee, While o'er the

rip-pling tide; Light - ly the zeph-yrs glide; Round us, on ev - 'ry side,
wa - ters deep; Now our oars gai - ly sweep; True in the time they keep,

Bright crests are foam - ing. Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
What — can grieve — thee?

p

p

cresc. *pp*

Cease all re - pin - ing; Near us is shin-ing Beau - ty's bright smile.

pp

The Curtains Of Night

COWBOY SONG

Moderately

mf

When The Cur - tains Of Night are pinned back by the stars, And the
When The Cur - tains Of Night are pinned back by the stars, And the

f

beau-ti - ful moon sweeps the sky, I'll re-mem-ber you, Love, in my prayers.
dew drops of heav'n kiss the rose, I'll re-mem-ber you, Love, in my prayers.

Rio Grande

Male Voices

SEA CHANTEY

Cheerfully

Were you ev - er in Ri — o Grande? Where the Port - u - gee girls can be found, Ri - o, 'way

Ri - o, Oh were you ev - er on that strand? And they are the girls to waltz a - round, We're

We're bound for, bound for bound for the Ri - o Grande. Way Ri - o,

We're bound for, bound for bound for Ri - o *rall.*

Way Ri - o, Then fare you well, my bound for Ri - o

pret - ty young girl, We're bound for the Ri - o Grande.

Merrily, Merrily

(Round)

1 2

Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, greet the morn; Cheer- i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn.

3 4

Hark to the ech-oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a -way.

Turkey In The Straw

Lively

1. As — I was a gwine on — down de road With a
2. Went — out to — milk — and I didn't know how, —
3. Met a big cat — fish — com - in' down the stream Say's the

tir - ed team and a hea - vy — load, I — cracked my whip — and the
Milked the goat in - stead of the cow A — mon - key sit - tin' on a
big cat-fish "What does you mean?" Caught the big cat - fish — right —

lead - er sprung, Says I good - bye to the wag - on tongue.
pile of straw, Wink - in' — at his — moth - er - in - law.
on the snout, Turned Mis - ter Cat - fish — in - side out.

Refrain

Tur - key In The Straw — Tur - key In The Straw, —
H'm Tur - key in the hay, — H'm
Roll - 'em, twist - 'em up a
Tur - key in the hay, —
high tuck - a - haw, And hit up a tune called "Tur - key In The Straw."

John Peel

Male Voices

OLD ENGLISH MELODY

With spirit

D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D' ye
D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, He—

ken John Peel at the break of the day, D' ye ken John Peel when he's
lived at Trout-beck— Once on a day; But— now he's gone far a-

far, far a-way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn-ing.
way, far a-way, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn-ing.

Ta - ra! Ta - ra! Ta - ra!

T'was the sound of his horn brought me from my bed And the cry of his hounds which he

Tan-ta-ra! Tan-ta-ra! Tan-ta-ra!

Ta ra! Peel's

f

oft-times led; Peel's "view-hal-loo" would wak-en the dead, Or the

Tan-ta-ra! Peel's

1. 2. *rall.*

fox from his lair in the morn-ing. fox from his lair, in the morn-ing.

D.C.

John Brown's Body

(Mixed Voices)

W. STEFFE

1. John— Brown's— Bo - dy lies a - mould-'ring in the grave,
2. The— stars of heav - en are— look - ing kind - ly down,
3. He's gone to be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord, He's
4. John— Brown's— knap - sack is strapped up - on his back,

John— Brown's— Bo - dy lies a - mould-'ring in the grave,
The stars of heav - en are look - ing kind - ly down,
gone to be a sol - dier in the ar - my of the Lord, He's
John— Brown's— knap - sack is strapped up - on his back,

John— Brown's Bo-dy lies a-mould-'ring in the grave, His— soul goes march-ing on!
The— stars of heav - en are look-ing kind-ly down, On the grave of old John Brown!
gone to be a sol-dier in the ar - my of the Lord, His— soul is march-ing on!
John— Brown's knap -sack is strapped up-on his back, His— soul is march-ing on!

Chorus

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -

- lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march-ing on.

Here's To The Maiden

(Male Voices)

Allegretto

1st Tenor melody

OLD ENGLISH

Here's To The Maid - en of bash - ful fif - teen,
Here's to the charm - er whose dim - ples we prize,

Now to the wid-ow of fif - ty, Here's to the flaunt - ing ex -
Now to the dam-sel with none, Sir; Here's to the girl with a

-trav - a - gant lass, And here's to the house - wife that's thrift - y;
pair of blue eyes, And now to the nymph with but one, Sir,

Chorus

cresc.

Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

Come, Let's Sing A Merry Round

I

Come, Let's Sing A Mer - ry Round, Wake the cheer - ful, cheer - ful glee;

II

III

Glad - ly let our voic - es sound: Oh hap - py, hap - py we, hap - py we.

IV

Soldier's Farewell

(Male Voices)

J. KINKEL

Slowly with expression

p

How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And
Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
I think of thee with long-ing, Think thou when tears are throng-ing, That

cresc. *p*

then what-e'er be - fall me, I go where hon-or calls me.
spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad - vanc-ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis-per soft when dy-ing.

f

-well, fare -well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

The County Jail

mp

Get up at dawn stiff and cold Shove in the grub that's nine days old.
The wind blows in ev-'ry crack Bed full of rocks — break your back.

Wash your-self in a dir-ty old pail. Res-ting your legs in The Count-y Jail.
Cof-fee like mud and the beans like stones: Jail's no place to — rest your bones.

Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

Solo or Unison — Chorus

1. The ship is sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, My Lov - er, Good - bye;
   My heart will ev - er - more be true, Good - bye, My Lov - er, Good - bye;
2. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good - bye, My Lov - er, Good - bye;
   Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, Good - bye, My Lov - er, Good - bye;

We may not meet for man - y a day, Good-bye, My Lov-er, Good - bye!
Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dieu, Good-bye, My Lov-er, Good - bye!
I'll try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good-bye, My Lov-er, Good - bye!
My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Good-bye, My Lov-er, Good - bye!

rit.

By-low, my ba-by, By-low, my ba-by, By-low, my ba-by, Good - bye, My Lov-er, Good-bye!

The Animal Fair

I went to The An-i-mal Fair, The an-i-mals all were there. The
old rac-coon, by the light of the moon, Was comb-ing his au-burn hair. The
mon-key he got queer. And climbed on the el-e-phant's ear, The
el-e-phant sneezed and fell on his knees, And that was the end of the
monk, the monk, the monk, the monk, the monk, the monk, the monk, the monk, I

D.S.

The first section sings the entire verse. Each succeeding section starts in at the beginning when the preceding section reaches "the monk, the monk"—all sections singing "the monk, the monk" until the last section has finished.

In Style All The While

Well marked

They say that our *chair-man, he ain't got no style, He ain't got no style, He ain't got no style. They say that our chair-man, he ain't got no style He's Style All The While, all the while.

* Use name as occasion demands.

Happy Are We Tonight

Lively

M. S. PIKE

1. Hap-py Are We To-night, boys Hap-py, hap-py are we; The hearts that we de-light boys, With us may hap-py be. — Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And sigh for those in pain; The most of us have met be-fore and now we meet a-gain.

2. Man-y will be the mile, boys Man-y, man-y the mile, That we shall rove and smile boys, With those we ne'er be-guile. The voic-es we have of-ten heard, And fa-ces we have met, Like tones of sweet-est mel-o-dy We nev-er can for-get.

Male Quartette

Good-Night, Ladies

COLLEGE SONG

1. Good-Night, La-dies!— Good-Night, La-dies!— Good-Night,
2. Fare-well, la-dies!— Fare-well, la-dies!— Fare-well,

La-dies!— We're goin' to leave you now.
la-dies!— We're goin' to leave you now.

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long,

Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O-ver the dark blue sea.

Old MacDonald Had A Farm

𝄋 *(Repeat these four measures after each verse)* Fine

Old Mac-Don-ald Had A Farm, E-I-E-I-O! 1. And on this farm he
2. And on this farm he

A

had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O! With a chick, chick, here, and a
had some ducks, E-I-E-I-O! With a quack, quack, here, and a

B

D. S. al Fine

chick, chick, there, Here a chick, there a chick, Ev-'ry-where a chick, chick.
quack, quack, there, Here a quack, there a quack, Ev-'ry-where a quack, quack.*

3. Turkey (gobble-gobble). 4. Pig (hoink-hoink). 5. Ford (rattle-rattle).

* Each stanza repeats after it has reached this point, all the material of the preceding stanzas between the letters A and B. The fifth stanza in full would be thus:

With a rattle-rattle here, etc. Hoink-hoink here, etc. Gobble-gobble here, etc. Quack-quack here, etc. Chick-chick here, etc. Old MacDonald Had A Farm, E-I-E-I-O!

How D'ye Do?

March tempo

How D'ye Do, Mis-ter John-son, How D'ye Do? How D'ye Do, Mis-ter

John-son, How D'ye Do? We are with you to a man, We'll do

ev-'ry-thing we can. How D'ye Do, Mis-ter John-son? How D'ye Do?

I've Been Wukkin' On De Railroad

Marcia

I've Been Wuk-kin' On De Rail-road All de live long day; I've Been Wuk-kin' On De

Rail-road, To pass de time a-way. Doan' yo' hyar de whis-tle blow-in',

Rise up so ear-ly in the mawn; Doan' yo' hyar de cap-n' shout-in'! "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn!"

For He's A Jolly Good Fellow

Lively

1. For He's A Jol - ly Good Fel - low, For He's A Jol - ly Good
We won't go home un - til morn - ing, We won't go home un - til

2. The bear went o - ver the moun - tain, The bear went o - ver the
Was the oth - er side of the moun - tain, The oth - er side of the

Fel - low, For He's A Jol - ly Good Fel - low, Which
morn - ing, We won't go home un - til morn - ing, Till
moun - tain, The bear went o - ver the moun - tain, To
moun - tain, The oth - er side of the moun - tain, Was

Fine D.C.

no - bod - y can de - ny, Which no - bod - y can de - ny.
day light doth ap - pear! 'Till day light doth ap - pear.
see what he could see! And all that he could see.
all that he could see.

Today Is Monday

ARMY SONG

After first verse repeat these lines in reverse order

Moderato

1. To-day Is Mon - day, To-day Is Mon - day, Mon - day bread and but - ter,
2. To-day is Tues - day, To-day is Tues - day, Tues - day string - beans,
3. To-day is Wednes - day, To-day is Wednes - day, Wednes - day soo - oop,

All you hun - gry sol - diers we wish the same to you.

4. Today is Thursday - Roast beef.
5. Today is Friday - - F - i - s - h.
6. Today is Saturday - pay - day.
7. Today is Sunday - - church.

The More We Get Together

1. The More We Get To - geth- er, to - geth-er, to - geth- er, The More We Get To -
geth- er, The hap - pier we'll be For your friends are my friends And
my friends are your friends; The More We Get To - geth-er, The hap-pier we'll be.

Reuben And Rachel

1. Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing What a queer world this would be,
Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing What a queer world this would be,
2. Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing Life would be so eas - y then;
Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing Life would be so eas - y then;
3. Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing If we went be - yond the seas,
Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing If we went be - yond the seas,

If the men were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea!
If the girls were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea!
What a love-ly world this would be If there were no tire-some men!
What a love-ly world this would be If you'd leave it to the men!
All the men would fol-low aft - er Like a swarm of hum-ble-bees!
All the girls would fol-low aft - er Like a swarm of hon-ey-bees!

This may be sung as a canon by dividing the chorus into two sections. The first section, (women's voices) begins; when they have sung the first measure, the second section, (men's voices) begins and continues one measure behind the others, using the second line of each verse. It can also be used as a group duet by having the women sing the first line of each verse followed by the men with the second line.

English Lyric by
WILLIAM GLASS

La Cucaracha

(La-Cu-Ca-Ra-Cha)

Allegretto

p Sol-diers march-ing down the high-way Here they come in-to the vil-lage See the peo-ple run to
Un-a co-sa me da ri-sa Pan-cho Vil-la sin cam-i-sa; Ya se van los car-ran-

meet them They don't come to harm and pil-lage Flirt-ing with the pret-ty wo-men
-cis-tas Por-que vien-en los vil-lis-tas. Pa-ra sa-ra-pes, Sal-til-lo;

Shawls and cig-a-rettes they bring Guns and war are now for-got-ten Hear the hap-py sol-diers sing.
Chi-hua-hua pa-ra sol-da-dos; Pa-ra mu-je-res, Ja-lis-co; Pa-ra am-ar, to-di-tos la-dos.

Chorus

p La Cu-ca-ra-cha La Cu-ca-ra-cha All is fair in love and war La Cu-ca-
La Cu-ca-ra-cha, La Cu-ca-ra-cha, Ya no pue-de cam-i-nar; Por-que no

-ra-cha La Cu-ca-ra-cha Se-no-ri-tas they a-dore La Cu-ca-ra-cha La Cu-ca-ra-cha
tie-ne, por-que le fal-ta Ma-ri-hua-na que fu-mar; La Cu-ca-ra-cha La Cu-ca-ra-cha

When the moon is high a-bove La Cu-ca-ra-cha La Cu-ca-ra-cha Then it's time to think of love.
Ya no pue-de cam-i-nar; Por-que no tie-ne, por-que le fal-ta Ma-ri-hua-na que fu-mar.

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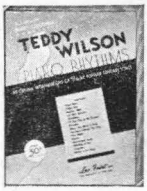

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